

AGENT STREET (Illustrated). By Professor C. H. REILLY.  
 MIND OF THE BEE. By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, LL.D.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

## Science & Imagination

PROBABLY there are few people who realise that a modern public satisfies its imaginative craving more from science than from any other source. If they reflect, however, they could scarcely fail to recognise that the new popularity of books of science is in large measure due to the manner in which modern research stirs the imagination. Anyone can test it by noting the keenness with which the people of to-day study records of antiquity which in the eighteenth century would have been wholly neglected. It is only within very recent times that the history of man in the earliest period of his existence has been interpreted in a manner that appeals to the modern mind. The majority accepted literally the Bible account of man and his origin. They reckoned that mankind had appeared in the Garden of Eden a few thousands of years ago, whereas the geologist and the anthropologist of to-day think in millions of years. On the other hand, imaginative writers, like Mr. H. G. Wells, for example, are able to picture with more or less fidelity human life when it differed very little from that of the extraordinary animals that inhabited the primeval earth. That is one way in which science stirs the imagination. It induces the reader to think backward and to see that written history deals with the recorded but by no means the most interesting annals of human life. Nor is it possible any longer to hold that primitive man was hardly distinguishable from the apes and monkeys among which he lived.

We know that he was an uncommonly keen observer, that he could draw the lower animals not only with accuracy, but with great skill and cleverness. In the cave pictures the student of natural history is delighted to find the dumb world portrayed exactly as he knows it to have existed. How the cave man mastered the art is not very easy of explanation, but no doubt as his methods of capturing animals for food were of a very simple and rudimentary nature he must have been compelled to sit for hours watching them play about his pits and traps. Probably he could not leave because of the peril of losing his bag. It is very unlikely that he had any apparatus that would kill the victim dead or even stun it, and unless he was there to use his club it would inevitably escape. That could have been no trifling matter to the man who depended on his bag for his food. However it came about, it is certain that he mastered a fine and delicate form of art. He has left examples on shells and articles of domestic use as well as on the rocks.

The imagination is stimulated and excited as much by looking forward as by looking backward. At the present moment there is scarcely any branch of scientific investigation from which a great discovery might not come at any moment. We have entered on an entirely new age of mechanical transport. Who could have believed a hundred years ago that ships of considerable size could make long voyages under water and that the crews would use torpedoes, themselves an invention that is practically of yesterday? Flying, within the memory of men who are not middle-aged, was only a dream or an accomplishment that poets had used for metaphor and the story-teller for entertainment. The god Mercury and all his kin have the impress of being fancy-bred rather than being the shadowy memories of anything actual. The flying, when it was depicted, was with little wings that sometimes came out of the back and sometimes out of the head, a fact that shows there was no solid basis. Even Tennyson when he wrote about "the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue" was probably exercising a fancy in which he had no actual belief, yet his dream has been more than realised, and at the present time people are more interested in the potentialities of the art than in its actual achievement. They may not be able to define the vague expectation, but there does really exist a belief that transport by air will be improved far beyond any conception extant at the present time.

It is even more the case with chemistry. The outlook is bewildering and to a certain extent appalling. Chemistry may provide a way out of many difficulties connected with feeding, heating and supplying other necessities of life; but, on the other hand, those best qualified to speak believe that the chemist of the future may come to wield an element of destruction that would be a danger to the human race and indeed to the world he inhabits. Thus Science is stirring the imagination more than any romance ever did, though it is curious to note that Charles Darwin and some of his great contemporaries and successors delighted in novels and other products of the purely literary imagination. That a man works in Science is no reason for saying that he is materialistic in the range of his thought. The chances are in favour of his being the very opposite.

A great many discoveries have been empirical in their origin. After a number of flights had actually taken place, the dull, unimaginative type of scientist continued to argue in private and public that at the best aviation might turn out a new form of amusement, it could never be of practical importance. Thus had he spoken of the motor and his father of the steam-engine. In all cases it was not logic but imagination that won.

## Our Frontispiece

MRS. EDWARD COMPTON, who was married in 1918 to the elder son of the late Lord Alwyne Frederick Compton, is the second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Farquharson.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.





## COUNTRY NOTES.

THE drought of the last few weeks will make the prudent forester consider what steps he can take to avoid the conflagrations that occurred last year. In regard to this every country will have its own problem to solve. Where forests are comparatively small the course adopted in Holland and Belgium may be recommended: first to have a central tower for the purpose of keeping a look-out during the two most dangerous periods of the year; in the second place to plant shelter belts of such forest trees as beech, oak, ash and other hard woods that are, practically speaking, fireproof during the growing season. In Canada, where very large areas have to be watched, the old system was that of a patrol by men in canoes. The disadvantage was that the boats were confined to the river valleys, and therefore the men could not see the smoke rising from the tops of the trees. It is more effective to establish an air patrol. Even on a forest covering thousands of square miles an aeroplane would be able to give warning the moment that smoke began to rise. They could send the news to the nearest station by wireless and secure help immediately. Mr. Ellwood Wilson, who warmly recommends this system, says that on an area of 15,000 square miles the man in charge of fire protection could make a circuit of his district and see every fire in one day and get back to headquarters the next night. As he could see what was going on, he could direct the work more effectively and energetically.

WE are very glad to see that the Empire Forestry Association has brought out the first issue of a journal called *Empire Forestry*. It is to be published quarterly, and the object that will receive most prominence is that of fostering an interest in forestry at home and overseas. The reason why this is needed is set forth in the admirable article on "Forestry in the Empire," by R. L. Robinson. First of all he shows that the distribution of forest area is very uneven. Canada has about 50 per cent. of the total, India 14 per cent., Nigeria and the Gold Coast together 14 per cent., Australia and New Zealand about 8 per cent. The most awkward fact is that the United Kingdom, which is the greatest wood consumer of all, has less than one-third of 1 per cent. The whole problem, therefore, is that of increasing the home forests; otherwise an enormous bill will have to be paid for imported timber. In this matter the Empire is at a disadvantage. Eighty-eight per cent. by volume and 83 per cent. by value of British timber imports come from outside the Empire. Northern Europe—that is to say, Russia and Scandinavia—furnish 65 per cent. of the total imports, South-West Europe 48 per cent. of the pit-wood imports and North America 18½ per cent. of the total imports. The balance is made up by the importation of special woods, such as teak from India,

eucalyptus (Jarrah, etc.) from Australia and African mahogany from the Gold Coast and Nigeria. We have not seen any book or article in which the salient facts are brought out in so complete and ordered a fashion as in Mr. Robinson's paper. It and the journal may be strongly recommended to the notice of our readers.

IT is good to find that there still exist generous and modest men who will perform civic acts without reward. The opening on Saturday, the 3rd instant, of the International Theatre Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, with its cost already covered by guarantees, enables all interested in the stage, as being the place where all arts combine, to see, free of charge, what very great progress in design and stagecraft the world has made during the last twenty years. It is a fine feather in the caps of Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth and Sir Cecil Smith. Though the nucleus of the exhibition was shown with great success in Holland, it was left to London to attain completeness. If any one man is happier in this realisation of a dream than another it must be Mr. Gordon Craig, the all but unseen master of modern staging. Another civic act was the removal by a nameless benefactor of the necessities of the "Old Vic.," which we described in these pages some months ago. That nameless benefactor is perhaps as happy as Mr. Craig.

### GRANDFATHER'S DAYS.

I often wish that I had met  
Grandfather's folk in Somerset;  
And though their names I only know,  
My fav'rite ones, were: Uncle Joe  
With Auntie Bess and Cousin Sue  
And Uncle Zeb, to name a few.

A merry soul was Uncle Joe;  
He liked his cider strong, I know!  
For cider-making was his task;  
He liked it stored in brandy cask.  
To make his cider strong and good  
He stored it long away in wood.

And often would he raise his glass  
To toast a pretty Brendon lass.  
For Uncle had a roving eye,  
He loved to see the girls go by!  
And somehow, too, I seem to know  
The girls loved seeing Uncle Joe.

Grandfather told of Auntie Bess;  
Of home-made bread and water-cress;  
Of lamb's-tail pie and Brendon cream;  
Of trout in Great-grandfather's stream;  
Of Uncle Zeb's two water-mills  
And blackcock on the Brendon Hills.

And looking back it seems to me  
That folk aren't what they used to be;  
Here to-day and gone to-morrow,  
Share your pleasure—not your sorrow!  
I often wish that I had met  
Grandfather's folk in Somerset.

JAMES TURLE.

MR. H. S. GOODHART RENDEL has been giving some of his views on modern London architecture to the *Morning Post*. These manifestations of interest in new buildings cannot be too much encouraged. Mr. Rendel pointed out that the new style came from France by way of America, with a little English heaviness mixed in with it. He praised certain new West End business premises as expressing in their form their commercial purpose, and no doubt they do. But too often they seek to attain their commercial purpose by pretension and advertisement, and the reflection of these qualities does not inspire a noble architecture. So long as architects design shops on the lines employed by window-dressers—conglomerations of florid frills—our streets can scarcely acquire dignity. Professor Reilly's second article on Regent Street, which

we publish to-day, ably states the case against those who too readily approve anything new at the expense of our own, though almost forgotten, traditions.

FOR many years aeronauts have been striving after a machine that will combine vertical with horizontal movement and be able to hover. Trials at Farnborough have recently proved that a new kind of machine, the British Brennan Helicopter, has solved the difficulties. The Air Ministry required, among other things, that it should have a horizontal speed of at least sixty miles an hour, be able to hover stationary in a wind of twenty miles per hour, and to descend vertically with engine cut out in a similar wind. The tests have fulfilled these hard conditions, with the result that flying may be revolutionised. The vertical movement is the most important for commercial purposes, while hovering will add greatly to the terrors of war, especially as the rapidly revolving propellers beneath the machine, keeping it up, render it almost invisible from below.

THE most exciting passage in the vivid account which Commander Wild has written on the voyage of the *Quest* is that describing the vessel's final escape from the ice. They had first to push through several hundred miles of pack ice before they reached Ross's Appearance of Land. Thirty-five miles from it they were held up through the open water freezing them in. The seriousness of the situation was increased by the knowledge that the supply of coal was running out. At the suggestion of Commander Wild the men went on the ice and played football, an extraordinary picture if one could have seen it, in the driving snow. On March 21st a dark "water" sky appeared to the northward, but several miles of solid ice lay between them and it. At length, however, a small lead opened and they tried to push the *Quest* through. It was neck or nothing. If they failed, the loss of coal would have been a serious drawback, but Commander Wild determined to take the chance of escape. He might have done so with comparative ease if a gigantic old floe had not closed the path. After many attempts to move the obstacle they succeeded at last in doing so by "a tremendous effort and using every ounce of steam." The nose of the ship was forced in like a wedge, and one can sympathise with the relief they felt when at last they were able to forge ahead. The incident affords one more example of the resource and determination needed to deal with the difficulties that arise in the Antarctic regions.

IN nine days the Open Golf Championship will begin at Sandwich. Never in its history has it been looked forward to with greater interest nor with greater misgivings as to our invaders from abroad. Four of these, at least, are exceedingly formidable. There is "Jock" Hutchison, who won last year, Barnes and Hagen from America, and Kirkwood, the Australian, who only a little while ago routed, over four rounds, a field of all our best players by the annihilating margin of thirteen strokes. He and Barnes are probably, in the general view, the most dangerous of the four, but Hutchison, with or without his ribbed clubs, is a brilliant player, and our professionals who have lately toured in America say that we have never here seen the best of Hagen, whom they rate as fully the equal of any other golfer. For the moment our own players seem a little below their best. Duncan and Mitchell can be superlatively good, but neither is as reliable as the members of the "triumvirate" used to be. However, it is generally when we are most apprehensive, as with the American amateurs at Hoylake last year, that we seem to do best. Our worst shocks from abroad, as in the cases of Mr. Travis and Hutchison, have come when we were too confident.

WHIT MONDAY provided ideal cricketing weather from the point of view of batsmen and spectators. Seven innings of over a hundred were played in first-class matches, and a great many thousands of people watched the playing of them. Nevertheless, there seems to be at the moment a slight feeling of depression and lack of

interest about English cricket. It has not yet recovered from that long series of defeats at Australian hands. When we read of all these big scores we have something more than a suspicion that they are due not so much to the skill of our batsmen as to the fact that our bowling is exceedingly commonplace. Gregory and Macdonald showed us last year what could be done by fast bowling, but as far as England is concerned the race of great fast bowlers seems to be temporarily extinct. No doubt the lean years will pass and we shall see some great sides again, but at the moment the man in the street, though he glances at the cricket in his morning newspaper, does not know, as he used to do, what county is leading in the Championship, nor does he make up for himself imaginary teams for Gentlemen and Players.

THE milk situation has been very greatly changing during the past few weeks. It is the season of abundant grass and, therefore, a great flow of milk. Ordinarily, dairy farmers have to deal with a surplus at this period of the year, simply because the meadows and orchards are yielding a maximum supply of sweet milk-producing grasses. There is little or no surplus, however, because the public, which refused to buy milk when it was dear, is making a run upon it now that the price has come down. On the other hand, interest is being aroused as to whether milk is a good article of diet for adults. Dr. Cecil Webb-Johnson, for instance, in a letter to the *Times*, holds to his statement that milk is an unnatural food for adults. He says that milk was intended to nourish the young of the animal which secreted it. Without being at all hostile, we would like to ask: "Who intended it?" Every wild plant that was going to be developed into a nutritious vegetable stands in very much the same position as milk. Neolithic man discovered how to milk cows, or rather sheep; probably he also cultivated the wild wheat that became the staff of life to him. What the wild wheat was intended for one does not know, but probably it served some purpose just as the milk of an animal served some purpose. Man took the beast in hand and improved its capacity for giving milk and also increased the richness of the milk. He at the same time was taking a number of wild and apparently worthless plants, and, by cultivating them, adding to their value as diet and adding also to his provision against famine. You can no more argue that the productive powers of a cow in a wild or natural condition were not intended to be cultivated any more than you can contend that the wild wheat was not intended to be cultivated. The conclusion reached by Dr. Webb-Johnson may be right, but his logic is to seek.

#### THE GARDENER TO HIS VIOLETS.

Too chaste for red, too passionate for blue,  
Of sun begot and suckled of the sea—  
His all the colour, hers the breasts of dew—  
Yet has your scent a humbler ancestry.

Long though the sun may dally with the foam  
He cannot fruit save in the labouring earth;  
Your fragrance fine takes flesh from common loam,  
And I, and I may yet bring spice to birth

ANNA DE BARY.

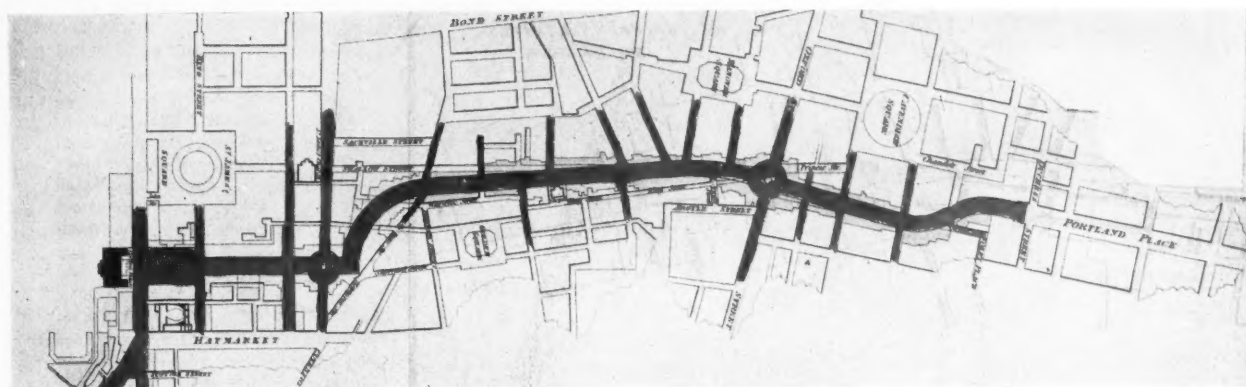
TO the June number of the "Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture" Dr. (now Sir) Edward Russell contributes a valuable little paper on Phosphatic Fertilisers. Our readers know that for some time past experiments have been in the process of being carried out at Rothamsted to ascertain the relative values of these fertilisers. Basic slag and superphosphate of lime are the best and most popular. Basic slag is the great manure for grassland, but it has deteriorated in value recently owing to the introduction into steel-making of processes which deprive the slag of its former value. Those who are interested in the important question of phosphatic manures will need no urging to read the article in question. All who know the devotion and single-mindedness of the writer will rejoice that his qualities have been recognised in the recently issued Honours List.



# LONDON STREETS AND THEIR RECENT BUILDINGS.—II

REGENT STREET (*Continued*).

BY PROFESSOR C. H. REILLY.



THE PLAN OF REGENT STREET AS CARRIED OUT BY NASH.

LET us start our perambulation of Regent Street proper from the Piccadilly Circus end. Standing in the centre of what was once the Circus and looking north towards the County Fire Office, we realise again how irreparably it has been spoilt. Gilbert's delicately modelled fountain is not even in the Circus at all. Instead of being at its centre, where such an object should be, it is on the site of the lost quarter of the circle and shares with a public convenience the irregular space which has been opened up. It is difficult to realise, too, that there was once a short continuation of Lower Regent Street, north of the Circus, before the whole road turned to the left with the Quadrant. This short street is now represented only by the flank of Messrs. Swan and Edgar's building and the County Fire Office which closes its end. The opposite side has gone entirely. The County Fire Office building therefore, finely placed as it still is, especially when seen from Waterloo Place, has not the proper approach Nash designed for its site. Still, it is there and one may be glad of the mercy. May it long survive! It is one of the best short pieces of street architecture we have, strong, masculine and unaffected, yet with delightful delicacy in its mesh-like iron balconies. One sees little reason for destroying it, yet no doubt it will be destroyed. It is a full development of its site; no new building could do more. If it is rebuilt, to be in stone with the rest of the new buildings, I suggest to the architect, whoever

he may be, the self-denying idea of copying it line for line in that material and thereby retaining for London one of its best and most satisfactory landmarks.

We now turn to the left and enter the famous Quadrant—the boldest and finest idea in all Nash's great town-planning scheme. In view of it we may, perhaps, be allowed to make the reflection how much fine town-planning was done before that name was invented and how little, except in the suburbs, since. The sweep of the Quadrant with its long, uninterrupted lines must impress everyone. Neither New York nor Paris has anything like it. The architecture is of the simplest, consisting of long lines of cornice and balcony with plenty of plain wall space and an almost endless repetition of the same

units in windows and shops. Yet how satisfying it is! How wide, too, the street looks here in its majestic curve—how much wider than it does towards the head of Regent Street! Yet it is of the same width. The explanation is in the buildings; in their height and in their simplicity. The tall, restless new buildings fretting the sky in the rest of the street narrow it down by contrast with themselves and by shutting out the sun. Here a broad mass of sunlit air can play on the curving plaster surfaces, just now being repainted. This is another advantage of the old methods over the new, especially for a gay artificial bazaar of shops; the plaster can throw off annually the London soot and be made to sparkle afresh, whereas stone, generally



THE COUNTY FIRE OFFICE.  
The sole survivor of the once stately Piccadilly Circus.



The Quadrant : Looking towards Piccadilly Circus.



The Quadrant : Looking up Regent Street.

Liberty's : Another remaining fragment.  
THREE VIEWS OF THE OLD REGENT STREET.

speaking, is white only for the first few weeks of its life. This is obvious already in that short portion of the Quadrant on the left-hand side which has been rebuilt in stone. It is very dark, though only a few years old. Let us pass by it for the present, hardly noticing it as we walk down the left-hand pavement. We will return to it later. Let us now enjoy for a moment the uninterrupted curve of the street and its unbroken walls, carried on columns over the side streets, and only ending when they have taken us through a full go°. The balcony is then very properly stopped by the plain flank of a projecting block. It is a little difficult now to tell whether the Quadrant looked finer when it had its colonnades over the pavement or not. I am rather doubtful. The curving range of columns must have been very stately, but must have narrowed the street. The balcony with its delicate arabesque pilasters under it and its good range of brackets was very well done by Penne-  
thorne, whose addition it was. If only later alterations had been made with the same skill and tenderness to the original ! At last we had better pluck up our courage, turn round and face the great modern one of Mr. Norman Shaw.

It is a grim business this new stone section of the Quadrant. No one can deny the power of the design. The situation of a bull in a china shop is not improved, however, by the magnificence of the bull. It is as if some great booted and spurred yeoman had entered a ballroom full of silk-clad gallants and brocaded ladies. When this happened once in Bath the other Nash, famous for other things, is reputed to have said : " Sir, you have left your horse behind." So we feel here ; this effort of Mr. Shaw's has brought something alien to the street into it and has not completed its conquest. It has brought with heavy tread the Municipal or Government office spirit into the gayest of thoroughfares. Its great rusticated arches jump upon the little shops devoted to such trifles as lingerie and jewellery. Like frightened children they peep out between them, and one wonders how they exist. Yet what is to be done ? Obviously it would be worse still to leave the design half carried out and let a number of competing buildings, with no unity at all, stand like a row of irregular recruits along the curve. No ; the Quadrant must be finished according to Mr. Shaw's design. It will not be the Quadrant one knows and loves. Instead it will be a gloomy gorge, very impressive, almost funereal. Walking through it will be like walking



through a nightmare of County Halls. Little milliners cannot be expected to ply their needles behind such massive columns. Government officials should work there from 10 to 4, while the light is still good; and perhaps monumental masons and agents for cemeteries might be induced to take the little shops along the ground. We shall all be very impressed, but I doubt whether we shall be in the right spirit to spend our money freely when we emerge and come to the big departmental stores higher up. Taking a final glance back at the Quadrant, and imagining it rebuilt according to the piece already erected, we see that there will always be in full view above it the very "Mary Ann" back of the Piccadilly Hotel with its unresolved mass of chimneys, back areas and fire-escapes. We see this immediately above the new section of the Quadrant, so that we cannot hope that any extension of the design will hide it. As far as one can tell, Nash did not leave these loose ends. It is generally part of the price we pay for our excessive individualism. In this case, however, with one architect alone at work the same excuse does not exist.

Once we get out of the Quadrant, I think Regent Street as such must be given up as lost. The beautiful things of the past are going daily. On all sides the house-breakers are at work, or the house-makers have already done their worst. At the moment the charming little circular structure cloaking the acute corner of Vigo Street, where Messrs. Scott Adie's shop is situated, remains; and on the other side from No. 152 to No. 132 is the long, low Corinthian building in which Messrs. Liberty's have one of their establishments. Looking at any of these old blocks, stretching as one palace design from cross street to cross street, we see how strongly in them the horizontal lines prevail. Street architecture, if it is to have any unity, must emphasise the horizontality of the street. This is exactly what the modern buildings do not do. True, they have one level of main cornice, but this cornice is generally one of so many other cornices that it is difficult to tell that it is the principal one, and above it they have been allowed to break out into all sorts of vertical features, turrets, domes and pointed gables, so that the main emphasis is vertical rather than horizontal. The street therefore becomes like an irregular set of badly grown teeth rather than the necklace of matched pearls it should be. The result is a restlessness which, in spite of its broad pavements, will make Regent Street no longer a place in which to stroll about. The shops will no longer have the same opportunities to tempt the casual buyer. Instead one will only drive direct, in taxi or omnibus, to one or other of the great department stores when the occasion is really urgent, dive in and dive out again, and no more.

Perhaps the most assertive of the newer buildings is the tumultuous block Messrs Robinson and Cleaver have erected from No. 170 to No. 160, mostly for their own occupation. This block has two circular corners at either end in pink polished granite up to the second floor level with grey polished granite in between. Above the corners spring heavy turrets massively buttressed and crowned with domes. Against these



Dickins and Jones's building.



East side, showing Mappin and Webb's on extreme left.



Robinson and Cleaver's.

THREE VIEWS OF THE NEW REGENT STREET.

turrets as an anti-climax are lofty pediments on blocked columns, giving still further vertical emphasis. The whole building suggests anything but the fine fabrics sold within. The polished granite corners might be public-houses or banks, for both a few years ago affected this mode; while the turrets suggest at least a public building and even distantly remind one of the War Office in Whitehall. It is pleasant to turn from this over-emphatic building, giving itself airs out of all proportion to its real business, to the quiet and reticent new building next door, built for Messrs. Mappin and Webb from the designs of the late Mr. John Belcher and Mr. J. J. Joass. If Regent Street had all been rebuilt from designs of this character it would not have been as palatial a street as it was in its old plaster dress—it might even have been rather dull—but it certainly would not have been vulgar.

From No. 178 to No. 200 is a quieter run of new work, but without any of the refinement of Messrs. Mappin and

against the white stone, but needless to say the architecture should carry without such adventitious aids. On the opposite side there is another long stretch of Nash's plasterwork, in which the unit of the design is well marked by long fluted pilasters running down between the shops. Such units are obvious and become cumulative in their effect. One might almost say that where the units are simple and one can add them up they enhance one another, and where they are complex and varied they subtract from one another. This explains why the low Nash building with its simple arrangement of pilasters is so much more powerful than the big, tall modern building with its vast array of varying features.

We come here, however, to a modern building in which all this has been understood and expressed. Granted that the reticent old plasterwork does not express our times and that something bigger in scale and more grandiose in character is required, the new building called St. George's House, on the

left-hand side and numbered 193 to 197, seems exactly to fit the requirements. Based on French work of the Second Empire, this building by Mr. Verity, with its fine fluted Ionic columns, has not only a massive and strong appearance owing to these splendid columns, but by its strongly marked cornice, with a frieze of windows under it, has the necessary horizontal character needed for a street front. One would be glad to see it extended to the whole block. No shopkeeper could fail to find it sufficiently ornate, for it is a highly modelled and decorated building, while at the same time, by the American expedient of metal filling between the columns, it gives a very large window area. Indeed, this building seems to solve most of the problems of shop-front architecture. The great columns stand on piers with shop glass flush between them. These piers, however, are not rusticated, but left absolutely plain, so that while satisfying the eye that the building above is not standing on glass, they do not attract attention to themselves to the detriment of the shop windows. Again, the wall between the columns above the shops being set back, the glass seems relieved of load, and what little there is appears adequately taken by the strong stone lintel with projecting band in place of the ordinary shop fascia. If one wishes to see how well this design looks extended to three or four times its length one has only to walk to the upper part of Regent Street, above the Circus, and look at the Y.M.C.A. building by the same architect, where it is at present the only noteworthy new building in that part of the street.

Like all London streets, Regent Street has really a very small portion which is quite straight. This has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. It not only means added picturesqueness, but it also means that buildings in a street can be seen when approaching them, as well as when they are directly opposite. Towards Oxford Street, Regent Street curves away to the right, so that buildings on the concave side are well seen as one walks northwards. Just about here one building has been allowed a dome. It is called Regent House. I

expect when it was white and new, like Messrs. Dickens and Jones' new premises opposite, it seemed just as startling and impressive. Now that it is dark and dirty with London soot one sees that the dome stands on a pile of very commonplace features and that the whole result is a sort of elaborate pin-cushion. One cannot help resenting a little the use of the dome raised on a drum for merely commercial and advertising purposes. Properly designed, it is the most sublime feature in architecture, reserved by custom in the Old World to cathedrals and cathedral-like churches; in the New for State Capitols and similar Government buildings. Here the dome is certainly not raised on a great drum, but it is a sufficiently



ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, REGENT STREET.

A fine new building in the midst of many that are commonplace and bizarre.

Webb's premises. In spite of housing the galleries of Messrs. Lafayette, this stretch of new building is extraordinarily provincial in character. It might be part of New Street, Birmingham, or Lord Street, Liverpool. In the three buildings which form this block tame little features follow one another, but without any proper spacial relation between the units. All satisfactory formal architecture is built upon a series of simple units, such as the spacing of columns or windows, and the relation between them should be obvious. When this is departed from, the general effect becomes muddled, as it is here. One shopkeeper has tried to correct it by the strong note a couple of cut bay trees in tubs upon a balcony make



important object in the view to lead one to expect something more than the ordinary shop. One may be sure—indeed, one knows—that in his scheme for Regent Street Nash would not, and did not, allow one lessee to get the better of his neighbours in this *parvenu* way. In the same way I doubt whether he would have let Messrs. Dickins and Jones apparently project their new building immediately opposite but on to the foot pavement. I say “apparently” because I think the effect is really obtained by setting back the ends of the façade, but as this building is on the convex side of the street, the projecting centre portion gives it undue prominence and a thrusting appearance that the rest of the architecture only too well carries out. Let us study this building a little. It is the last big store to be built and very much in the public eye at the present moment.

English and American owners of great stores seem to use entirely contradictory methods in expressing themselves and the importance of their business. Somehow one would expect the American to fall into the trap of over-emphasis, and thereby spoil the total effect, and the Englishman to rely on an understatement. The exact reverse is really the case. A great store like Messrs. Lord and Taylor's in Fifth Avenue, corresponding, one imagines, very closely in business to Messrs. Dickins and Jones', relies for its effect on its mass, emphasised like a Florentine palace by a great cornice, on its broad, plain wall surface with simple windows and a little refined and graceful detail. It relies, that is to say, on breadth of treatment. A single unit of window is used throughout. Here in this great new English store we have exactly the opposite treatment. Windows are of several widths, columns of various spacings, while the detail is drawn indiscriminately from Egyptian, Roman and modern French sources. Just as the building seems to thrust itself at you in the street, so it is ever thrusting upwards. Everything has been done that the wit of man can think of to make this building impressive. It has endless little climaxes everywhere in its struggle to reach

one great climax, but there it fails, as indeed it was bound to fail. The architecture of every great period shows that only by breadth and restraint can the great climax be achieved. This building with its ornate detail, its black balconies and vases against the white stone, its orders within orders, its attics above attics, is like the finale of some old-fashioned musical comedy when all the company collected on the stage and waved flags and kicked legs and climbed rostrums while the orchestra rose from din to din. Such is not the method of art. Verrey's little café opposite, with its delicacy and restraint, is really much further on the right road.

At last we reach the other Circus. It remains a Circus and is being rebuilt as such, but the comparatively great widths of Oxford Street and Regent Street make the four quadrants of buildings very small, so that probably one can never feel it to be the circular court one would wish. The new design, which is being repeated in all four quadrants, does not, however, do all that it might do to overcome this difficulty. The obvious way to increase the apparent size of the quadrants would be to emphasise the horizontal lines by increasing the cornice and frieze, and perhaps by putting a storey of windows into the latter, as Mr. Verity has done in his two buildings. Instead the architect has emphasised the vertical lines by long thin columns, too tall for their height,—for there is a strict custom in such things—and has introduced other competing detail between them. But why go on labouring all these unfortunate things? If Regent Street has met with so many disasters, was it likely that the Circus, now called Oxford Circus, would escape? Hardly; but there is still a little hope for this part of the world. Messrs. Peter Robinson's premises are being rebuilt, and, though it is too early to say what the result will be like, the work is in the hands of the young architect who made a success of the new premises for the London Water Board—Mr. Austen Hall. Where so many others have failed may he succeed!

## THE MIND OF ANIMALS.—XI

### THE MIND OF THE BEE.

BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, LL.D., UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

ON its own line of evolution “the bee” is a masterpiece, and hive-bees are highest of all. It is not merely that they are fearfully and wonderfully made; they live a very intense life, too intense for their own good; they have keen senses, a high degree of sociality, and instincts of remarkable subtlety.

As to their senses, which are the portals of their mind, they have compound eyes with keen vision, able to discriminate forms and intensities of illumination, besides three simple eyes on the top of their head, the use of which is perhaps to distinguish light and shade. Bees seem to be colour-blind as regards red and its complementary blue-green. The less we say about their hearing the better, but there are very numerous touch-bristles, taste-bristles and smell-bristles, located in various parts of the body, but on the antennæ most strategically; for these mobile, richly equipped, well innervated structures play an important rôle in the life of bees and of insects in general. Just as a blind man is embarrassed without his stick, so a bee without its feelers, only more so. Some say that a worker-bee has 10,000 smelling structures, and there is no doubt that the bee's world, like the dog's, is in great measure a “smell-world.” It is probably by the absence of a particular odour that hive-bees discover in a few minutes that the queen has been taken away. It is probably the queenly fragrance that reassures them almost immediately after her restoration. It is probably in part because of adherent odoriferous particles that worker-bees are able to communicate tidings to one another by means of their antennæ, and it is significant that they keep them very clean by the frequent use of an elegant comb on the first pair of legs. On the same appendage there is also an eye-brush, serving the same purpose as our eyelids.

#### BEES AND FLOWERS.

A young bee that has been brought up in the darkness of the hive emerges into a new world out of doors. It flies to a nectar-producing flower, thrusts its tongue in and drinks, as if it had been visiting blossoms all its life. It visits rather difficult flowers and pillages them, collecting pollen and nectar, as if to the manner born; and that is just it. The behaviour

is instinctive, *i.e.*, it is the expression of a hereditary pre-established series of neuromuscular linkages and behind these an inborn “urge.” Given a certain stimulus, a certain action follows, without any need for learning, though often perfected by increasing practice.

But while the general business of flower-visiting and flower-pillaging is instinctive and requires no apprenticeship, it is quite certain that bees establish associations and accumulate memories. By experience bees discover that certain flowers are very profitable; if these flowers have a distinctive colour or a distinctive intensity of reflected light (the two are rarely distinguished) the colour or brilliance is associated in the mind with the good food; it is the bush of the good wine. When the coloured petals are covered over with paper, the visits may become fewer for a time, but the number will mount up again when the bees discover that the nectar is there after all. Good wine needs no bush, and they throng to the simple dahlias though the ray-florets are hidden under strips of brown paper or green leaf. The brilliant colours are useful as advertisements, but the bees learn that advertisements are not always to be trusted. They learn to pass by brilliant flowers that have no nectar; yet if the experimenter puts in a droplet of honey there are soon visitors enough. It is often the odour that serves as the signal.

The fact of the matter seems to be this. The general routine of flower-visiting and flower-pillaging, of collecting and transporting nectar and pollen, is instinctive—the outcome of a ready-made hereditary capacity. But this is the basis for mental operations that are not instinctive—the elimination of profitless visits, the establishing of associations that save time and energy, and the remembering of useful experiences, *e.g.*, that the brilliant pelargonium may be passed by.

#### THE HOMING OF HIVE-BEES.

The late Professor Yung of Geneva took thirteen bees from the hive, and after marking them put them in a box and liberated them in the country about a mile away. Eleven of them were home before he was. They knew their region. But when he took another thirteen in a boat into the open

water of the lake and set them free there, *none returned*. It was an unknown area and without any landmarks. These observations and others like them are very instructive, for they give us a glimpse of the bee's mentality. The bee can learn; and it masters the physical features of its region.

Bees may range around their hive within a radius of about two and a half miles, and yet make a "bee line" for home when they have collected all they can carry. In a new situation they are cautious for a short time, flying round the hive with their head towards it, taking mental pictures. They get further and further away, and higher in the air, in all probability registering conspicuous landmarks. A keenly intelligent bee expert, Mr. John Anderson of Aberdeen, tells us that "a stock of bees sent by steamer on a journey that took three days to complete, was liberated on arrival. Within 45 minutes bees with full loads of pollen were seen entering the hive. It had taken the strangers just three-quarters of an hour to locate the position of their home, and to find the treasures of the field." If a hive is shifted a short distance during the night, the bees will fail to notice the change when they sally forth in the morning, but when they come back they will go to the old stance and congregate there much perturbed. When the hive is shifted a considerable distance the bees know that their home has been transported; they take precautions when they issue, and learn a new geography. On the one hand, we see the handing over of an activity—returning home—to the enregistering part of the brain; on the other hand, we see considerable alertness in detecting novel conditions and an intelligent learning which meets the new situation. There is something very true in the advice: If you are going to shift the hive, be sure to tell the bees.

There are, we must confess, some difficulties in regard to the homing of bees, but most of the facts can be explained on the assumption of acute and retentive visual memory; and the existence of this is experimentally proved. Among the difficulties we may note the following: (1) If the entrance to the hive be raised a foot, the returning bees fumble about the old place. Perhaps this is because the returning has been in the course of time handed over entirely to the instinctive part of the brain, and a sudden alteration nonplusses the bees. Even a man is sometimes "flabbergasted" when there is a sudden change in the conditions of a piece of behaviour to which he has been for years so habituated that he has ceased to give its performance any attention. (2) Bees taken from a fine garden in the suburbs into the streets of the town found their way back "with an accuracy certainly not born of their acquaintance with the locality." But perhaps they *had* visited the town before; and perhaps there were conspicuous landmarks indicating the garden. We must be careful not to think of the bee's sight as like our own. (3) When Professor Bethe took bees in a box and liberated them at a considerable distance from the hive, they ascended into the air and if the distance was not beyond a certain radius they returned to the hive. But if the distance was beyond the homing radius the bees dropped down again on the box. This is all intelligible. But if the box was moved only a few inches while the bees were soaring they would drop down on where the box should have been, but not on the box itself. If it was a question of visual memory, why did not the bees return to the quite visible box? But it may be that bees attend not to boxes, but to topographical features; and a naturalist who repeated the experiment noticed that they hovered about in the air *at the height of the entrance* to the hive they were accustomed to.

#### ARCHITECTURAL SKILL.

Everyone admits that a piece of honeycomb is a bit of an achievement, the workmanship is high class, the economy of material is unsurpassable, the efficiency of the result is perfect. But we do not look in the perfect honeycomb for evidence of intelligence (in the true sense of profiting by experience and making a perceptual inference); we look rather at the imperfect comb, where there has been some clever mending, some adjustment to novel conditions which are usually due to man's interference. The perfect honeycomb is the outcome of instinctive skill, with perhaps finishing touches due to the tradition of the hive. Where we may perhaps see intelligence intervening is when hive-bees take up their abode in a tree and have to adjust the architecture of the combs to open-air conditions.

Everyone has admired the beautiful hexagonal cells, separated by walls thinner than tissue paper, and the wonder grows when we realise that the comb is a co-operative achievement. Many workers are building at the same time, and there must be an exquisite give and take. As Darwin said: "The work of construction seems to be a sort of balance struck between many bees, all instinctively standing at the same

relative distance from each other, all trying to sweep equal spheres, and then building up, or leaving un-gnawed, the planes of intersection between them." This is all instinctive, but we get a glimpse of the attendant awareness, or of a spark of intelligence, when the routine is departed from to meet a difficulty, *e.g.*, when two pieces of comb meet at an angle. In such cases the bees will pull down a cell and rebuild it, sometimes more than once; or one bee will correct the imperfect workmanship of another.

#### GLIMSES OF INTELLIGENCE.

Bees often collect resinous material, especially from trees, and use it for varnishing or filling up chinks. The material is called "propolis" (in front of the city) in allusion to the fact that certain bees use it to build at the door into the hive a rampart which serves to exclude intruders like the death's head moth. The note of intelligence is sounded, we think, when bees deal with a doorway that is too large. They fill it up with propolis and then cut a hole at each lower corner, just large enough for one bee at a time. We hear the same note when bees use propolis to smother and embalm a slug or a snail or some other intruder that has found its way into the hive.

To replace a failing queen a daughter is reared by the workers in a "queen cell." This young and virgin queen leaves the hive some fine day and is fertilised by a drone on her nuptial flight. She returns "for good" to the hive and on the second day after mating she begins to lay eggs. All this may be called the ordinary routine of the drama. But suppose the young queen fails to return from her nuptial flight, for accidents will happen, the workers turn their attention to certain larvæ under three days old, enlarging their cells, giving them plenty of a secretion called "Royal Jelly," and probably doing something else that remains obscure. The result is that the larvæ, which would otherwise develop as usual into workers, develop into young queens. And so a catastrophe is avoided. For the eggs laid by a very old queen will develop only into drones, and the same is true of the eggs laid by a young queen that has not been mated, and of the eggs occasionally laid by workers. For drones develop from unfertilised eggs, and it rests with the successfully mated queen whether the eggs she lays are or are not fertilised by sperms from the store received during her nuptial flight. We need not go further into the fact that drones have a mother, but no father (yet a grandfather on the mother's side); what we are concerned with here is the extraordinary fact that the worker-bees are able to cope with such a casualty as the loss of a queen. Perhaps we are wrong, but as their action is off the track of the ordinary routine, we find difficulty in thinking of it without supposing that the bees have, or once had, something approaching an intelligent appreciation of the circumstances. It seems certain that the behaviour in a queenless hive where there are no young queens imprisoned, and no larvæ under three days old, is very different from that in a hive where the loss of a queen can be rapidly made good in the ways indicated. But how is the multitude made aware of an inconspicuous difference that is nevertheless absolutely critical for the hive?

There seems to be something of the smack of intelligence in the behaviour of those bees that find a short cut to a nectary by cutting a hole through the corolla at the proper place. One cannot but be impressed by the careful arrangements that are made for a supply of queens to take the place of those that go off with surplus population in a "swarm," or by the explorations undertaken by "scouts" who search the country round about for a hollow tree or some other more or less suitable place for a new home. But as these are frequently recurrent activities there is probably less intelligence in them than on more unusual adventures, such as raiding another hive.

#### TO SUM UP.

A great part of the behaviour of bees is covered by the label "instinctive," but intelligent learning or profiting by experience crops out in the adjustment of instinctive routine to novel conditions, such as building in a tree, or in coping with quite unusual circumstances.

Bees have a notable topographical memory and they can form associations, *e.g.*, between certain colours and abundant food. Behind what they do are the primary motives of hunger and love, both words to be taken in a wide sense; but the reproductive urge in worker-bees, which though possessed of ovaries, are normally sterile, has been, we believe, transmuted into an extraordinary social or kin instinct. This is expressed in their devoted self-subordination, in the way the non-maternal females work for the young, in their dependence on the queen for encouragement, and in their capacity for co-operative industry.



## THE CORNISH COAST

ONE of our pessimists has been complaining that petrol is making this planet smaller. The same lament was made about steam by our grandfathers, and will be repeated—perhaps about the wireless distribution of electrical power—by our grandchildren. The Anglo-Saxon seems to have a passion for bemoaning his own progressiveness. And, of course, the word progress must often be viewed with suspicion. But when a new invention has come, in the slang phrase, to stay, a prudent attitude towards it is that which would discern its virtues rather than its defects; and the alleged diminishing of the size of the world, by modern travel devices, is a case in point. So far from making our world smaller, for instance, it is arguable that petrol has made it bigger. Petrol has most certainly enlarged the poor man's world. The motor 'bus, the motor char-à-banc, are not in themselves beautiful, but they are a means of reaching beauty—and probably a greater educational factor than has yet been realised. English people are learning more about their England, by actually seeing it, than has ever been the case in any previous generation. They are beginning to know the England which lies alongside the high roads—an England by no means always the same as that which lies alongside the railways and of which a curiously inaccurate, because fleeting, impression is sometimes gained from the windows of a train. All over the country an elaborate service of motor coaches is being developed; these motor coaches are patronised in the main by a class who cannot afford cars; to grudge them their enjoyment would not only be churlish, it would be short-sighted; for the wider an acquaintanceship with England, the deeper, surely, will grow our sense of citizenship. There is nothing to regret in the circumstance that petrol has caused our native land to shrink in size, if it has enabled some of us for the first time to learn how much bigger it was than we had dreamt.

Every county is explorable now by these motor coaches; their thunderous tread (but it is becoming less thunderous than it was) shakes the earth from Land's End to John o' Groats'. Indeed Land's End is a particularly good example of how petrol has brought nearer a point of our island which, before petrol's advent, comparatively few persons had visited. When the present writer first went to Land's End a horseless carriage had

never been seen there (or anywhere else, for that matter), and the drive from Penzance was a considerable undertaking. Plenty of holiday-makers in Penzance had not been to Land's End. To-day the trip is an easy one, thanks to the Great Western Railway Company's motor 'buses; nobody who had got as far as Penzance would miss the chance of continuing the journey to Land's End. For Land's End is tremendously impressive. Its impressiveness is doubtless largely sentimental. There are many equally noble promontories elsewhere on the coastline of this wonderful peninsula. Nevertheless, Land's End is—Land's End. It would be a stolid Briton who could stand upon that spot and gaze forth over the Atlantic without emotion.

The road from Penzance to Land's End cuts clean across country and enables the motor 'bus passenger to get an idea of the queer grimness and bareness of inland Cornwall. It is practicable for the solitary traveller with time and means to reach the same goal circuitously—very circuitously, it must be admitted—by taking the shore road south and west from Penzance and skirting scores of coves and capes before arriving at Land's End. Should he have the enterprise to do this, the traveller will find himself in a part of Cornwall the scenery of which is, here and there, so magnificent as almost to invite the adjective melodramatic, and the natives of which, many of them fisherfolk, who, when counting mackerel, still use some numerals which are Cornish in origin, remain delightfully unspoilt. At this time of year, too, the bird life of the region alluded to, both cliffside and inland, is of fascinating interest. Indeed, the whole countryside is an endless happy hunting ground for the naturalist, while for the lover of wild flowers the glorious profusion and

variety of its flora provide endless pleasure. And it is a paradise for artists.

There is no other county, to be sure, quite like Cornwall. Elsewhere we can find cliff scenery, but nowhere else is it at once so sternly grand and so gaily colourful. The green of the sea would alone be worth going to Cornwall for—a green rendered the lovelier by the subtle contrasts in its tones which are caused by the varying depths and character of the ocean floor beneath. Round all Cornwall there is this superb green, and everywhere it is tinged by a lacework of foam in fine weather or by spouting breakers in storm; everywhere, too,



CORNWALL'S MAGIC.



MARBLED WITH FROTH STREAKS.



LACEWORK OF FOAM.



the sea a little way from the shore is marbled with froth streaks which shift strangely with the currents, forming rhythmical patterns about submerged reefs or tracing elusive pathways towards the dim horizon. To sit on a Cornwall cliff summit and watch the changes in the sea below is to find pleasure which never ends and is never recapitulated; no critic could accuse the Cornish sea of being monotonous. Nor is monotony possible in a walk along the top of the cliffs. Bay after little bay opens up, each with its smooth pavement of sand broken by half-buried rocks and each with its fringe of surf restlessly creeping to and fro at one side and its motionless pools, left by the tide, crystal clear or mirror bright, at the other—the whole picture being set in a kind of broken frame of precipices beneath a rugged skyline as treeless as that of the Alps, but often clothed in greenery. No one little bay is exactly like any other little bay; the pedestrians can go for miles and never see the coastline in the slightest degree repeating itself; no other coastline, in truth, tempts such wandering, persistent walks; and at the end of the day the lowering sun brings a fresh glamour, so that every scene we passed in the morning has become different when we pass it again on our way homeward in the evening.

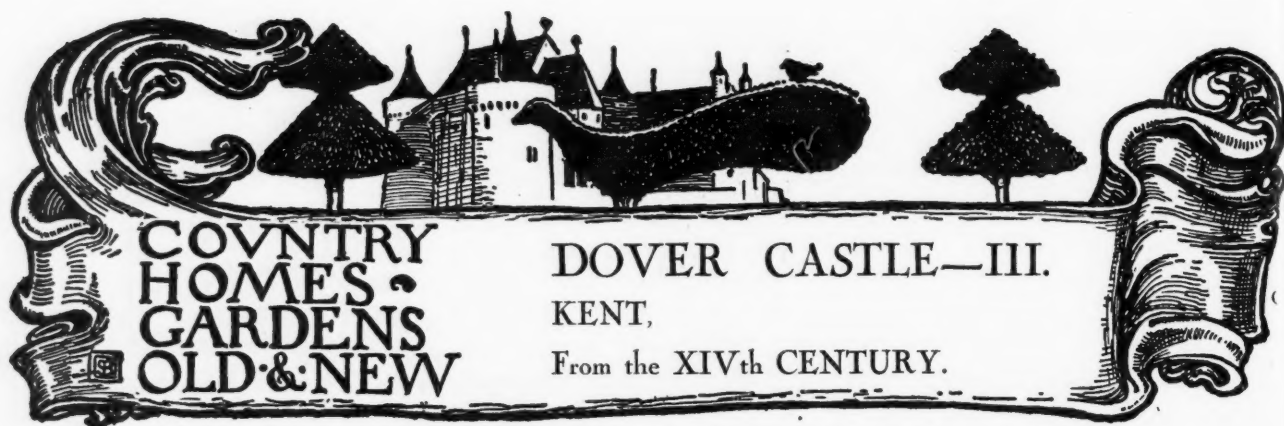
Cornish coastal scenery is actually at its finest, some maintain, not during the day, but at night. It certainly is at its uncanniest. Even in bright sunshine there is a feeling of the uncanny over many of the lonelier Cornish creeks. The sea, moving in and out of hidden caverns, makes odd, furtive sounds, alien to the friendly roar of waves honestly tumbling over each other in open play upon a pebbled beach. The Cornish cliffs, even in the quietest weather, are full of whisperings and ominous suckings and gurglings; in bad weather they are a deafening grand orchestra of drums and fifes and brass, emitting a din of discords which terrifies some temperaments and is wildly exhilarating to others. Few wanderers venture to the cliff edge in windy weather at night; but on a calm moonlight night the cliff edge is well worth a stroll. But the stroller must not be superstitious. Cornwall is rich in ghosts; if evil spirits are to be met anywhere they are to be met along the Cornish cliffs at night. You can hear them chuckling and sighing to themselves very, very subduedly, if the sea is dead calm, but when there is a swell they have a nasty trick of suddenly emitting, close by you, a horrid grunt or snort or a prolonged and suggestive snore, singularly startling to the mortal with nerves, and somehow it is useless to remind yourself that these are mere acoustical phenomena of water displacing air in confined spaces. The most hardened materialist would find it difficult to maintain his faith when on a solitary ramble after dark in Cornwall. Nevertheless a frequent course of such rambles may be salutary for the materialist's soul. It is said that people who have once fallen into the habit of spending their vacations in Cornwall never afterwards go anywhere else and are never afterwards quite the same in their attitude towards unseen things. This is a not incredible assertion, and, if true, may be cited as a modern paradox; for our friend the materialist, turned from his materialism by Cornwall's magic, has probably penetrated into Cornwall largely by the help of the most materialistic contrivance of a materialistic age—the motor char-à-banc, propelled by a spirit, magical enough, maybe, and originally, like the Cornish spirits, inhabiting rock, but now harnessed for man's pleasure under the name of petrol. This is the peculiar irony latent in the word progress, that we never know to what anti-climaxes any progressiveness will lead.



BAY AFTER LITTLE BAY OPENS UP.



A FRINGE OF SURF RESTLESSLY CREEPING TO AND FRO



OLD times and new certainly meet in the subjoined illustration (Fig. 1), for the thirteenth century defences of the Castle appear as a foreground to the prospect of the twentieth century harbour. From each lighthouse is seen stretching out the spider-web ironwork which was part of the apparatus for the night closing of the port during the late war. The need of Dover as a harbour has turned men's minds to its maintenance and improvement equally with the repair and development of the Castle. The latter, in mediæval times, took the first place. Later, and especially during the last hundred years, it is on the port that the engineering mind and the national resources have been concentrated. Yet even under the Plantagenets the importance of the Castle in no small degree arose from the importance of the port. It was because this little inlet of the sea offered facility for the enemy to slip "the key of England" into the lock that that lock had to be strong, secret and unopenable except by the nation's own key. De Burgh's defence of the Castle and sailing from the port to the defeat of Eustace the Monk are arresting instances of Dover's capacity for defence and offence. But we saw, also, how, in times of peace, royal travellers used port and Castle, and we must remember how extensive was the popular travel which, in face of difficulty and danger, was fostered by the Catholic church. It was the age of pilgrimages, and pilgrimages were very cosmopolitan. Englishmen sought to reach foreign reliques as eagerly as foreigners came to pray at Becket's shrine at Canterbury. And Dover was, in either case, both the

convenient and the official place of embarkation and of landing. A Plantagenet king enacted "that no pilgrims shall pass out of our realm to foreign parts except from Dover." The crowding of a modern bank holiday is as nothing in the way of discomfort to the congestion caused by the pilgrimage season in Edwardian days:

The rich could easily obtain the services of a vessel to carry them across the Straits, but the poor, unable to pay the prices demanded, were allowed to accumulate in dangerous numbers within the town.

Because "debates, contentions and riots have often taken place in the town of Dover to the great peril and loss of the whole community of the town," special regulations for sea transit are laid down under Edward II, who, in 1308, brings home his bride, Isabella of France, *via* Dover and stays with her two nights at the Castle. There he was met by his favourite, Gaveston, who had acted as regent during the King's absence, and there Isabella, "reputed the most beautiful woman in Europe," tasted her first dose of disregard, for, as Lingard tells us, "the King neglecting the others, rushed into the arms of his favourite, kissed him, and called him his brother." She, however, had not to endure him very long, as the barons, hating the young upstart, dispatched him in 1312, and in the following year the Queen was again with the King at Dover, on their way to the coronation of her brother of France. The Constable is ordered to find £200 for the cost of the passage, and the size of the retinue is indicated by the order given to the prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, and other ecclesiastics, to provide



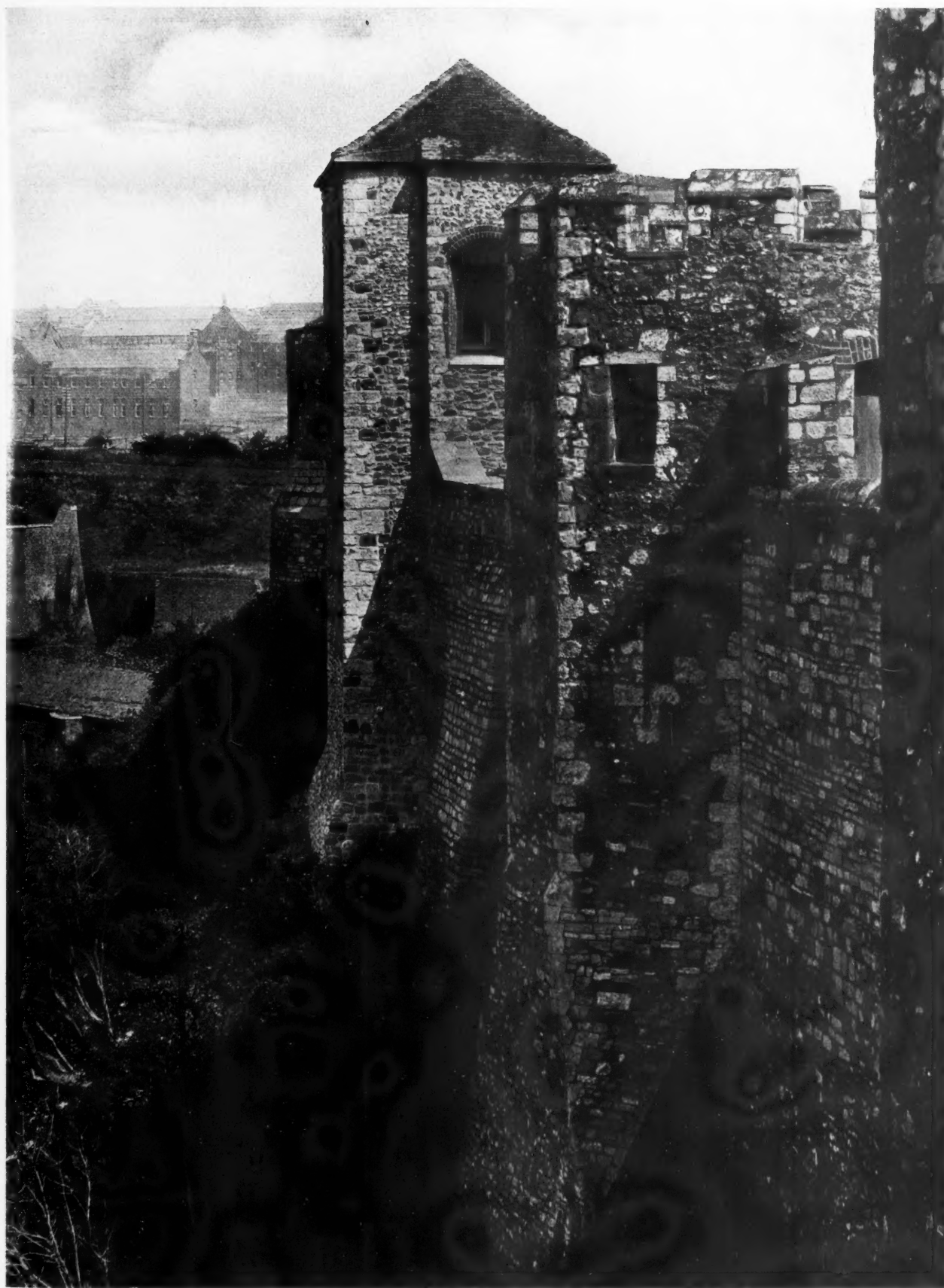
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1.—THE HARBOUR SEEN OVER THE SOUTHERN SECTION OF THE EAST CURTAIN WALL.

"C.L."

The square projection is Fulbert of Dover's Tower.





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2.—THE TREASURER'S AND GODSFOE'S TOWERS.  
They lie just north of the Constable's Tower.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 3.—A TREE-FILLED SECTION OF THE GREAT DITCH. "COUNTRY LIFE."  
To the left is Peverell's Tower and Gate, and beyond this curtain wall and towers stretch out southwards to the Canon's Gate.



4.—ENTRANCE TO THE MIDDLE WARD THROUGH PEVERELL'S GATE.

270 quarters of wheat and 300 quarters of barley "for the provision of food at Dover Castle on the King's return from parts beyond sea."

During his weak and disturbed reign the French got the upper hand on the sea, and it took Edward III many years of effort to rehabilitate the Cinque Ports and other fleets and ultimately to earn the title of "Le Roi de la Mer." The French burnt Portsmouth and attacked Hastings and Rye before the King felt strong enough in 1340 to win the naval battle of Sluys and destroy 30,000 of the enemy. Therein the men of the Cinque Ports were to the fore. But their difficulties were on the increase. Their harbours were ceasing to be efficient. The sea was leaving Winchelsea and Rye high and dry, and silting up the exit of the Dour, while ships of larger size were coming into vogue. And so when, after Crécy was won in 1346, the siege of Calais was undertaken we find Dover only supplying thirty-three ships and 521 men to Yarmouth's forty-three ships and 1,075 men. Although the capture of Calais and its erection as the emporium of English continental trade gave Dover additional importance, yet there is more decay than development traceable in its fifteenth century annals. True, there was some repairing under Edward IV, for Mr. Statham finds that in 1481 one William Leys received £33 6s. "in part payment of two million bricks" for work then proceeding at the Castle. That implies a considerable measure of repair of a domestic nature in the material that was coming into general use in the South and East of England. Little of this is traceable now, but we hear that Edward IV rebuilt Fulbert's Tower and made it a dwelling for the Clerk of the Chequer. Red roofs—not, however, as ancient as that—may be seen rising behind it now in a picture (Fig. 3), showing the line of wall continuing south from Peverell's Tower and gate, which forms the entry from the outer to the middle ward (Fig. 4). In the Conquest arrangement for Castle guard we find William de Pipewell or Peverell receiving fourteen knights' fees to provide three knights per month for five months. East of Peverell's Tower, near the church and pharos and giving access through the earthworks that are deemed Roman or Saxon, is the Colton gate (Fig. 12), which, although it bears thirteenth century characteristics, is described by Mr. Statham as "a Norman hexagonal tower on a square base." He also relates how, previous to the





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5.—THE NORTH END OF THE CASTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The covered way, or caponiere, is seen running from castle to St. John's Tower and thence to the Spur Redoubt.



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6.—THE CASTLE FROM THE SPUR REDOUBT.

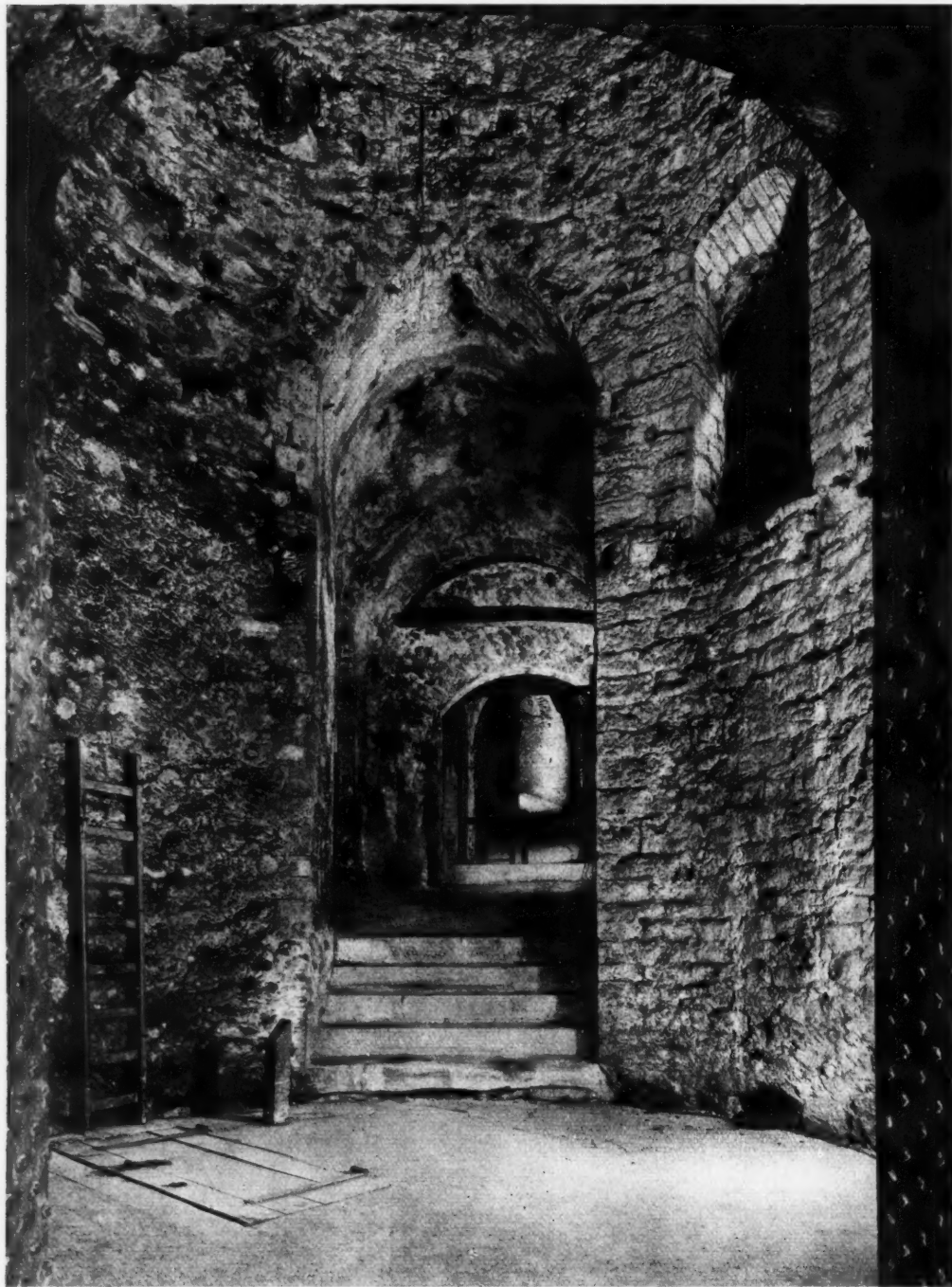
"COUNTRY LIFE."

St. John's Tower is seen rising from the ditch.

time of Henry III, there were lodged here the priests that served the church and were called "Coclico" chaplains, the manor of Cocklescombe being charged with the repair of the tower, and the name appearing in a variety of spellings, such as "Cocklicowe." Another curiously named tower is that which rises square beyond the Treasurer's Tower (Fig. 2). The latter, as shown on the plan given last week, was next to and closely connected with the Constable's Tower. Its neighbour to the north appears to have been called Devon from the Devonshire manor of Istley which supported it. But Devon got warped into Devil, that was turned into polite Latin as

ancient tenures, where they survived, ceased, and the grants were resumed by Act of Parliament in 1523. The double office of Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of the Castle was continued in the same person, but his powers were increased and extended. He was paid direct from the Crown, and was governor of the whole system of new coast defences that included the castles of Deal, Walmer and Sandgate. Two of the capable officials who thus served Henry VIII we have recently come across. We saw how Westenhanger had been acquired and largely re-edified by Sir Edward Poyning. He had fought with Henry VII at Bosworth and became a Privy

Councillor. He served that King in the Netherlands and in Ireland, and in 1505 became Lord Warden and Constable. To these offices he was reappointed for life when Henry VIII succeeded in 1509. But he had other and higher employments, and Sir Edward Guldeford was probably his deputy and certainly became his successor in 1521. After him followed another capable Kentish man whose acquisition of Sturry we noted three weeks ago. Sir Thomas Cheney was appointed Warden and Constable in 1536, and held the double office until his death twenty-two years later. It was especially during the earlier half of his command that the Castle works were effected, the "green fortress" costing a thousand pounds. We have seen (COUNTRY LIFE, May 6th) how in 1538 he found Sir Anthony Aucher "a very honest dylygent man," and Aucher at that time was paymaster to the "waterworks," as the harbour construction was called. They had been begun under Henry VII by John Clark, Master of the Maison Dieu. That ancient foundation was created by Hubert de Burgh as a rest house for pilgrims, but grew into a place where even princes sojourned in preference to the gloomy Castle keep, and it was its suppression by Henry VIII which may have moved him to making the keep more light and convenient.



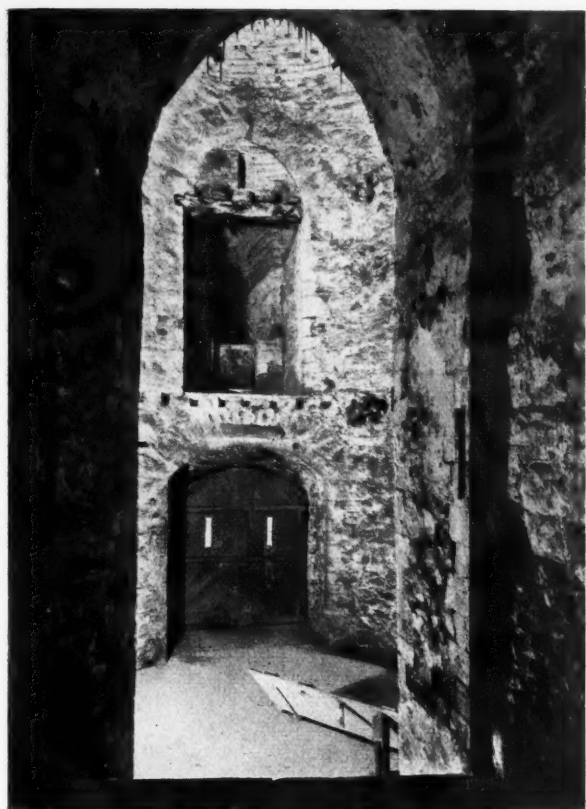
Copyright. 7.—THE PASSAGE FROM THE CASTLE TO ST. JOHN'S TOWER "C.L."

Turris inimici Dei and then reappeared in English as Godsfoe, which appellation it still bears.

Although some little may have been done under the later Plantagenets, we have to wait until Henry VIII is king for large measures of reform and reconstruction at both Castle and harbour. At the former these measures were of two kinds. The first were directed to improved accommodation and, as we have seen, included the refenestration of the keep and improvements in its interior disposition. The second had for their object the adaptation of the defences to the new offensive power of guns, and included such outworks as that described as the "green fortress upon the downs." The whole organisation of castle guard was remodelled and centralised. The

Why the last appointments to the mastership of this semi-religious house should have been of men competent to take charge of the harbour works is curious, but we are told that some time after his appointment in 1485 John Clark drew a plan for the erection of a strong pier surmounted by two round towers. This was carried out, and the picture of Henry VIII's embarkation for the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" in 1521 must be a free rendering of Clark's work. But the sea soon got the better of it, and in 1533 Thomas Cromwell receives a tragically worded letter from the Mayor and Jurats of Dover declaring that their harbour is "utterly destroyed." The bearer of the letter is John Thompson, vicar of St James'. To him is entrusted a new and ambitious





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8.—ST. JOHN'S TOWER.

"C.L."

The open trap door leads to the subterranean way to the Spur Redoubt.



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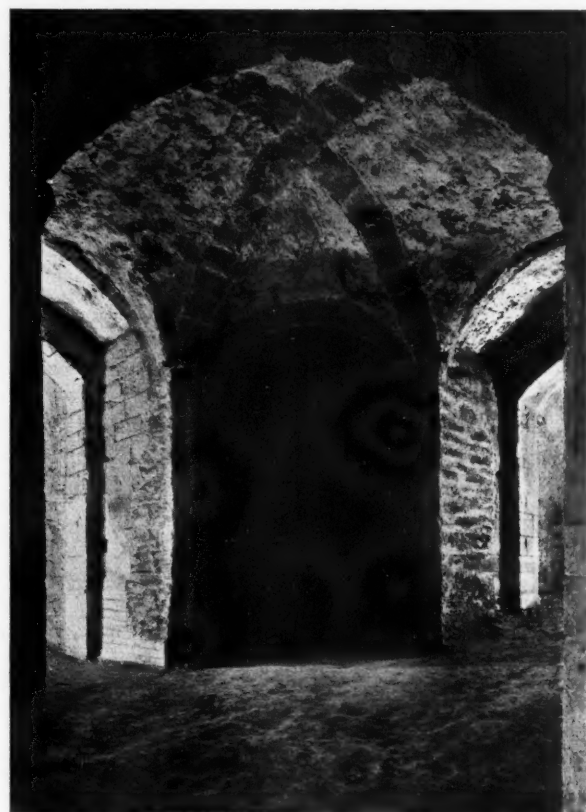
9.—A TUNNEL IN THE CHALK.

"C.L."

It leads from the north end of the castle to St. John's Tower, which is seen at the end of it.

scheme in which Henry VIII takes personal interest. It absorbed his attention during a visit to Dover in 1538, and towards it "the king's coffers seemed to stand wide open." Aucher was made paymaster and Thompson was rewarded and endowed with the mastership of the Maison Dieu. But the sea again proved stronger than man, and as early as 1541 we hear of the encroachment of pebble; while Sir Amias Paulet, after crossing the Channel on Queen Elizabeth's business thirty-five years later, declares he will go some other way next

time, "the haven of Dover being in such utter ruin as the passage thereby is utterly decayed." Earlier in her reign a report on the condition of the Castle was equally unfavourable. "It pains me," wrote Sir Thomas Hoby in 1561, "to see the decay of so necessary and ancient a Castle." A good deal was done in her time at both harbour and Castle, but Holinshed probably exaggerates when he tells us in his "Chronicle" that Elizabeth "bestowed more charge in repairing and re-edifying the Castle than had been spent hereabout since the first building thereof."



10.—ENTRANCE TO THE THREE PASSAGES UNDER THE SPUR REDOUBT.



11.—FROM THE WESTERN OF THE THREE PASSAGES.

Money, however, was spent to fit the keep for her reception in 1573, and afterwards repair work went on at many of the towers, including the Constable's, where Richard Barry, who was in charge, put his initials and the date 1580 on a fire arch as mentioned last week. But the Castle did not receive that consecutive attention which efficiency demanded, as it was much neglected by the Stuarts, although with a view of receiving there his new wedded Queen, Henrietta Maria, in 1625 Charles I spent over £2,000 on refitting "the king's lodging in the square tower within the inner keep, and the most useful buildings and offices thereto adjoining." Yet as a fortress the neglect of the Castle was so complete that its history during the Civil Wars that follow reads like scenes out of a provincial melodrama. In 1642 one Daux, who carried on a business in the town, with ten associates climbed up and surprised a guard of four men, whereupon, the night being dark and the weakness of the attacking party unperceived, the whole garrison, composed of sixteen men, surrendered and the Castle passed to the Parliamentarians. In much the same way was the Castle lost to James II in 1688 when it was seized for King William by a sea captain, a brewer, a soldier and two bakers. A report wherein the word "ruinous" figures largely follows and, as we have seen,



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12.—COLTON'S TOWER.

"C.L."

The keep is seen through the arch.

it was merely as a place of confinement for prisoners of war that the Castle served under Queen Anne. But under George II measures were taken to alter it into a fortress capable of resisting the artillery of the day, and then it probably was that much of their present form was given to the Spur Redoubt and the under and over ground connecting passages. The line of the latter is well seen in one of the illustrations (Fig. 5). From one of the clustered towers forming the north point of the thirteenth-century enceinte, roofs are seen dropping with the steep of the ditch to the round tower named after a Lord St. John, and rising up from the bottom of the ditch. From its north side another line of roof tilts upward towards the Spur Redoubt, of which the south wall just shows at the extreme left of the picture. From the flat grassy top of the redoubt another view (Fig. 6) is taken, which also shows the last mentioned roof and gives a vivid idea of the depth of the ditch which these galleries span. The galleries are of ancient stone topped by more recent but by no means modern brick, and they form the superstructure of two or three storeys of subterranean passages partly of masonry, but partly hewn out of the chalk cliff. The flickering glimmer of a candle makes their cavernous depths mysterious and fearsome to the visitor, who, wondering whither he wends,

gropes his way along and feels lost amid their intricacies. Very different is the sunlit aspect afforded by the introduction of skilfully placed electric light. Thus the accompanying illustrations for once make the scheme intelligible. A rapidly descending way (Fig. 9) leads you to a flight of steps which brings you down to the level of an upper floor of St. John's Tower (Fig. 7). In that floor is a trap door which when opened (Fig. 8) enables you to climb down a wooden ladder to a lower gallery which soon takes an upward trend. Here a little trick has been arranged for an enemy who has managed to reach so far from the opposite or outward direction. From a roundel the daylight falls in a circle on to the rising floor in view of a sentinel posted above in the dark, who, first hearing footsteps, pulls his trigger as the intruder reaches the circle of light. Further along the one passage branches into three (Fig. 10). The triple ways proceed to various subterranean parts of the Spur Redoubt, and tradition brings the central one out into the country a mile or more away. That to the right (Fig. 11) leads out at the bottom of the ditch on the south side of the redoubt, and here is another surprise for the intruder. Passing through an open door he finds himself in a little chamber whence two other open doorways afford exit. But while he hesitates which he shall take he is deafened by a rattle and a series of resounding bangs. The three iron doors have been violently slammed and he finds himself immured in a dark dungeon.

What we have described forms the most important, but not the only, caponiere that permits of secret passage across the ditch. The scheme, aided by the chalk formation, was begun in the time of Hubert de Burgh and elaborated when outworks, such as the "green fortress" of Henry VIII, were thrown out on to the downland beyond the mediæval curtain and ditch. The 1745 works included a recasing of the keep walls, a construction of batteries and a building of barracks. Lionel, first Duke of Dorset, was then Lord Warden and Constable, and a huge picture of the Castle in his day hangs on the main staircase at Knole. It shows a procession, probably that of the Duke's installation as Lord Warden for the third time, in 1728. He then retained the office until his death in 1765. After it had been held by Lord Holderness and by Lord Guilford it was granted to Prime Minister William Pitt, who was sworn in as Warden and Constable at Dover in 1792. Further works of defence were at once instituted. But it was the fear of Napoleon's invasion that caused the most serious measure of strengthening against improved artillery. Mr. Barrington Jones in his recent "Annals of Dover" tells us that

Between the years 1798 and 1805 engineers worked their hardest to strengthen the fortress. Not only were the Castle and adjacent cliffs bristling with up-to-date guns, but the shore of the Dover valley gap was secured by a line of detached forts and a moat extending from cliff to cliff. A boom protected the harbour's mouth, and a palisading the low shore between the South Pier and Archcliffe. Troops crowded the Castle and the Western Heights, while across the Channel, on the hills of Boulogne, could be seen the long rows of tents where the soldiers of Buonaparte were waiting to invade England. The crisis was expected on the 9th August 1805, when the army of invasion was making ready to embark. The troops at Dover all that day and the following night were at attention, each man carrying sixty ball cartridges.

But, in the end, Napoleon decided not to attempt to turn the "key of England," of which the chief protection was then a fleet fully as effective for its day as had been the little ships of the Cinque Ports which had defeated Eustace the Monk six centuries previously. The Corsican gave no chance to history to repeat itself. He turned his forces eastward and won Austerlitz. But six weeks earlier Nelson's last act at Trafalgar had made impossible any renewal of the attempt in his day. Was it possible for the Germans to do so a century later? That had to be taken into account, and the autumn of 1914 saw defensive works again undertaken, partly in the form of trench and dug-out, but more largely as anti-aircraft and torpedo devices. It was not, however, so much defensive as offensive preparations that occupied the minds of those in command during the war years. The work of the Dover Patrol is a bright page in the history of those anxious days. It meant tireless watch, constant effort, sustained inventiveness, with an occasional brilliant episode. The fight of the Swift and the Broke in 1917, the Zeebrugge expedition and the deeds of the Vindictive in 1918 will not be forgotten by the Empire and are the special pride of Doverians.

On all such new ways the old Castle looked down from its height. Defence is no longer by masonry walls and machicolated towers. They belong to antiquity and not to the modern art of war, which knows how to knock down the Norman keep from the Boulogne hill. It has escaped that fate. Not very materially modified, the wide spread and lofty group of Plantagenet towers still silhouettes the sky. If the Castle has lost military significance it has gained a right to reverent preservation as an invaluable historic monument.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



## "FORM" IN GOLF

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

A CORRESPONDENT whom I have not the pleasure of knowing (indeed, I have been so busy with championships that I have not yet had the politeness to answer his letter) has propounded to me rather an entertaining question. He wants to know whether it has ever struck me that "golfing 'form' displayed by ladies is far more consistent than that of the male golfer."

There is no need to enquire what example he gives. Of course, it is that of the giantesses of ladies' golf, Miss Leitch and Miss Wethered. "I am prepared to bet," he says, "that as soon as we had read the entries, the majority of us were certain that the final would be fought out between Miss Leitch and Miss Wethered. What is more, I am inclined to wager that were it replayed once, twice or thrice again, the same ladies would fight out the final." He goes on to point out that among men the form is "in and out," and he thinks that, in the case of the chief competitions, "if they were replayed a month later the results would invariably be different." If I am prepared to admit so much, then he drives me into a corner and says I must also admit his final conclusion, which is that "Miss Leitch and Miss Wethered are far superior, relatively speaking, to (let us say) Duncan and Ray."

My correspondent's question is an interesting one, and I will try to answer it as well as I can. Undoubtedly the two leading ladies do stand out far above their fellows in this country (I say nothing about that beautiful golfer from America, Miss Alexa Stirling), and I agree with him so far that, presuming the course to be a sufficiently long and trying one, such as Prince's was this year, the pair would much oftener than not, given the same draw, fight their way through to the final. Miss Wethered, on her present form, I believe to be the best lady player that has yet existed. "Relatively speaking," to use my correspondent's phrase, she is, I confidently assert, better than any male amateur. In style and power she is equal to any and in consistency she is superior to all: she makes far fewer wild strokes and has fewer bad days on the green. I am inclined to think, again making all due allowances, that for the same reason she is quite as good as, probably a little better than, any professional. When, however, my correspondent wants me to say that she and her co-champion are "far superior," then, whether or not he is more consistent than I am in argument, I am going to stand up for my sex and fight him, at any rate to some extent.

I think that the two giantesses stand out largely, but not entirely, because they are wonderfully fine players. There is another reason which must be set down, however unchivalrous, namely, that they have not yet such keen competition to meet as have male champions: there are not among the ladies so many whom we should call "good players" as there are among men. Ladies' golf, good as it now is, is a more modern thing than men's golf. After all, it is not so very long ago

that Lord Moncrieffe wrote in the *Badminton* about the ladies' links being a kind of Jews' quarter, and it takes time to catch up. About the time when Lord Moncrieffe wrote, the golf of male amateurs was in something like the condition of ladies' golf to-day. There were then a few outstanding figures—Mr. Ball, Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Laidlay, with Mr. Leslie Balfour, Mr. Mure Fergusson and Mr. Alexander Stuart just a little behind them. Then I think that my correspondent would have been "inclined to wager" that any one of those great three would come safely through a championship till he met one of the other two. I very much doubt if there will ever be such a state of things again in men's golf, because there are now such thousands more golfers.

Some day there will be, perhaps, as many female as there are male golfers, and then I do not think there will be any champion so outstanding as Miss Wethered or Miss Leitch is to-day. Go to any male amateur championship nowadays, particularly in Scotland, and you will see plenty of players whose names you will never have heard, who yet have all the style and strokes that bespeak a boyhood full of golf; all they lack, very likely, is experience. Ladies' golf has not yet reached that pitch: you will not yet see so many who have obviously begun to play golf almost as soon as they could walk, who have the "professionally moulded" manner of playing. Ladies' golf in general has not yet quite caught up the men in that respect. When it has, when we see fifty or a hundred competitors with pigtailed and lissom, caddie-boy swings, then I do not think it will be so easy to predict who will meet in the final.

There is another reason that just now occurs to me for the first time. I am not sure that it is a sound one, but I will give it for what it is worth. Ladies have naturally not got the strength and power of men, but they play their championships on courses that are very nearly as long as the men's courses. That must serve to make more marked the difference between the merely good and the very good. It seems to me that, for things to be in the right proportion, men ought to play their matches on a course about 7,500yds. or 8,000yds. long. Heaven forbid that they should do such a thing, but if they did there would not be so many "surprises" as there now are. If I go out to play my friend Mr. Holderness on an ordinary course he probably beats me severely; but still, what with fluky putts or stymies or one thing and another, it is just possible that I may beat him. But what chance should I have on the 8,000yds. course, with bunkers placed where nothing but my very best shot could escape? A very small chance indeed, I think. Yet that is the predicament of the ordinary, decently good lady golfer who goes out to play Miss Wethered at Prince's. "Relatively speaking" the course is 8,000yds. long to her, and down she goes with a bump—6 and 5. On a course more suited to her ladylike game that poor victim would make a much closer fight of it. The giantesses would still beat her as a rule, of course, but their "consistency" would not be so overwhelming.

## SHRUBS FOR A WOODLAND GARDEN.—I

BY J. G. MILLAIS.

DURING the last few years the genus *Rhododendron* has advanced in popular favour with, perhaps, greater rapidity than any other class of plants. This is due to the fact that gardeners of the right kind have seen many of the mists of suspicion as to their hardness and difficulties of culture disappear, and a new school, ever growing in volume, has arisen, which is teaching the new generation of gardeners that, with these plants, masses of colour and beauty may be obtained under proper conditions for at least five or six months in the year with the minimum expenditure of money, care and labour. Given the necessary conditions, which are open woodlands of oak and fir with adequate shelter from cutting winds, and any light soil not containing lime, a glorious pageant of flowers may be obtained from February till July in any garden in the South of England, Wales, the West of Scotland and the greater part of Ireland free from limestone. As an instance of this, Mr. J. C. Williams recently said to me: "How can you have a better plant than *R. decorum*? It (meaning its several forms) gives us flowers for seven months in the year."

Naturally, it takes years to make a collection of the best species and hybrids and some considerable expense is entailed at first in purchasing essential plants which can be obtained in no other way; but in most cases seed is easily obtained without cost by interchange, and if a good stock is raised those again can be exchanged with other amateurs whose wants are similar. Small layers, too, are often inexpensive and can be had by exchange or purchase. Grafted plants are not to be recommended, but are sometimes the only form in which first-class things are to be had.

In gathering a collection of the best *rhododendrons* the amateur should aim to obtain two or three specimens of each

species and hybrid that is likely to give the best results in colour and fitness, according to the months in which he wishes to make a full display. For some months—notably the early ones, such as March and April—he may be more or less careful according to personal temperament. If he is a gambler, as most gardeners are, he will put in a good number of early-flowering kinds because he will reap more joy over the precocious and tender species and hybrids when he does flower them successfully than any of his later certainties. Sometimes, after several years of hope and disappointment, we in the home counties get a "Cornish" spring, and then our hearts rejoice and we have as good a show as our more fortunate friends in the West. This gamble, too, depends much on how much space a gardener has available and if he is in a position to devote a considerable area to plants that year after year, although they make good growth, are invariably "cut" in mid-March. For twelve years I have been living in hope that I shall be able to show some fine bushes in flower of Mr. R. Gill's Triumph (Glory of Leonardslee class) some early April; but every year, although flower buds set well and plants are in good health, I am doomed to disappointment. My reasons for hope are that my more fortunate neighbours, only five miles away, flower these superb *rhododendrons* well every spring. But the reason is clear and palpable. My garden is just 200ft. too low and subject to about six to ten degrees more frost in March. Nevertheless, we should not give up hope if we earnestly desire to succeed with some treasure with which at first we fail, because experience in placing things in the right position, i.e., the correct aspect, with an abundant ground mulch of leaves, will often work wonders. The mere fact that a garden is further south than another does not mean that it is necessarily



GHENT AZALEAS GROUPED IN MASSES, WITH LILACS, RHODODENDRONS, CHERRIES AND LABURNUMS.



MOLLIS AND GHENT AZALEAS, GROUPED WITH ONE DOUBLE CRIMSON THORN.



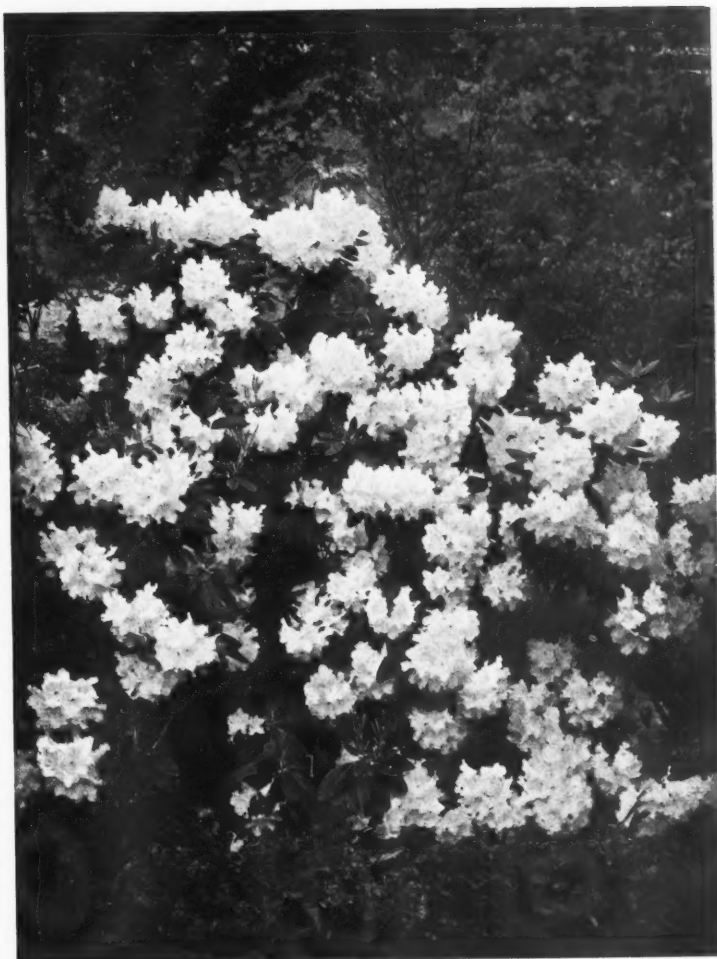
more suitable or endures less frost. The two best gardens I know of for rhododendrons in the home counties are Bullstrode and Langley Park. Both of these are in the Thames Valley in Buckinghamshire and would not be selected for their exceptional mildness, yet Sir Robert Harvey grows R. Gill's Triumph as well as a ponticum, and plants in Sir John Ramsden's garden are doing far better than those at Leonardslee or choice and sheltered gardens in Hants and Dorset. The reasons for the exceptional quality of these two gardens are probably to be found in the fact that the soil, a good rich loam deeply trenched with leaf-mould added, is a perfect rooting medium; the gardens are sheltered from all winds; and that, last but not least, there is abundant atmospheric moisture in summer during the season of growth, induced by the presence of very large trees approaching and shading but not covering the beds.

We must presume, therefore, that the would-be planter having, with some labour and expense, got together a good collection of rhododendrons and other fine flowering shrubs and trees, and having attended to the primary essentials of excluding rough winds and trenching his beds properly, must face the question of most importance—that is, how to plant them. In this, as in many other things, the first essential is that the planter must keep in mind what his garden will be like in twenty or thirty years' time if he succeeds according to his highest hopes. Most gardeners in this respect are far too modest, and allow too much for what they are sure will be failures. Accordingly they are apt to plant the *permanent* plants, which must be given considerable space, such as magnolias, the various fine species of cornus, Japanese maples, stuartias, eucryphias, etc., all of which blend exquisitely with rhododendrons, too close together or too near the front of the border or too near the protecting shelter at the back. This can and must be avoided by a study of such plants of twenty or thirty years' growth in other gardens. By taking the measurements of the ground area occupied by these permanencies, which should never be moved, the gardener can soon learn how far apart to place them. This point is really the main essential in all planting, because all other shrubs, such as rhododendrons, camellias, etc., can be successfully moved at any future time when they have grown too large for their places or are crowding other things. I mention camellias as easy of removal because I have lately moved many large camellias, up to 10ft. and 14ft. in height and over fifty years old, with perfect success. A rhododendron when moved takes a check for one year and then settles down again to make full growth, but a camellia usually takes two years to recover perfect fitness.

It is a platitude that the mere fact of doing things oneself in a garden is a continuous source of pleasure, even though we make the most colossal mistakes. Some of these we can correct in time, and others stare us in the face for life, but the balance on the other side is so great and we reap so much joy from a successful issue of our plans that errors do not matter so much after all. There is sure to be a credit account to originality. Few men and women are altogether devoid of the artistic sense, even though—as in most cases—it is only latent. Wherefore it is better to muddle through the severe school of experience and gain a few prizes in life than employ others who often possess only stereotyped views. We should all aim at originality and self-expression, for without that we become soulless invertebrates. I must confess to an abiding distrust of the professional layer-out of gardens. Too often they have but a trifling knowledge of plants and shrubs and are only bent on spending money on "garden architecture." We do not want that in the garden woodland, but a harmonious grouping of beautiful natural features artistically displayed and with the knowledge of what they will become some day.

It is, therefore, necessary that the owner-gardener should make a careful study of plants and what they will eventually become, before commencing operations, and if, added to this, he is so fortunate as to have a sense of colour and a power to visualise the beautiful pictures that will be his in time, he is both fortunate and well equipped for the task in hand. Above all, to possess eventually a first-class garden he must not be a "crank" on some particular genus of plants, although he may evince and give rein to his preferences where they exhibit good and permanent value in return.

In my next article I hope to give a list of the shrubs and small trees which a good woodland garden should contain if the six months of the flowering season are to give their fullest largesse of beauty.



R. LODER'S WHITE, AN INDISPENSABLE RHODODENDRON FOR MAY



CARPENTARIA CALIFORNICA, A FINE JUNE SHRUB FOR A WARM WALL.

## THE ARGENTINE POLO TEAM AND THEIR PONIES

**T**HE South American polo team is in no sense an international one. The members of the Argentine team are simply polo players who are anxious to test their skill and training on English club grounds and in English tournament play. We know, of course, that the team which is spending the

polo season of 1922 in England includes some excellent players, but they lay no claim to being and desire no credit as a representative team any more than any four American sportsmen visiting England, or the Indian players led by Comte de Madre. Polo is no new game in the Argentine. As far



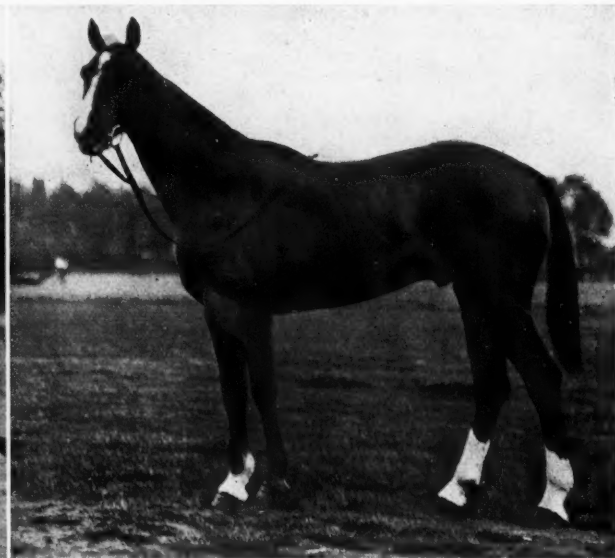
MR. A. M. PENA'S MONA BLANCA (CHESTNUT).



MR. J. MILES' PURA (CHESTNUT).



MR. L. L. LACEY'S TIACHIELA (BROWN).



MR. L. NELSON'S MONTARAZ (CHESTNUT).



W. A. Rouch.

MR. J. MILES' INDIO (BAY).



MR. J. NELSON'S GARGANTILLA (SKEWBALD).

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back as 1883 there was a Buenos Ayres Club playing under Hurlingham rules. In 1895 the Buenos Ayres team was able to hold its own in English Polo, and many of us recollect such ponies as Mr. Scott-Robson's Langosta (in 1897), and the excellent ponies of Major Porteous, the Hon. Frank White, and Messrs. Ravenscroft and F. J. Balfour. These and some other players, notably Mr. Schwind, showed us ponies which were hardly, if at all, inferior to the English polo ponies of that day. There was, as I recollect, a chestnut pony (judged by Mr. G. A. Miller at the Crystal Palace) which had pace, quality and action as good as

that of any English pony of the day; and even when the make and shape of the Argentine ponies did not catch the eye of some of the judges, yet the Argentines were hard to beat for handiness and quickness in turning. Most of them could gallop faster than they appeared to be able to do. To-day the Argentine ponies are, as the photographs show, very good indeed; they have quality, pace, balance and temperament.

There is just a suggestion here and there in some—not all—of the Argentine ponies of that appearance of length of back which is characteristic of many Colonial and some English



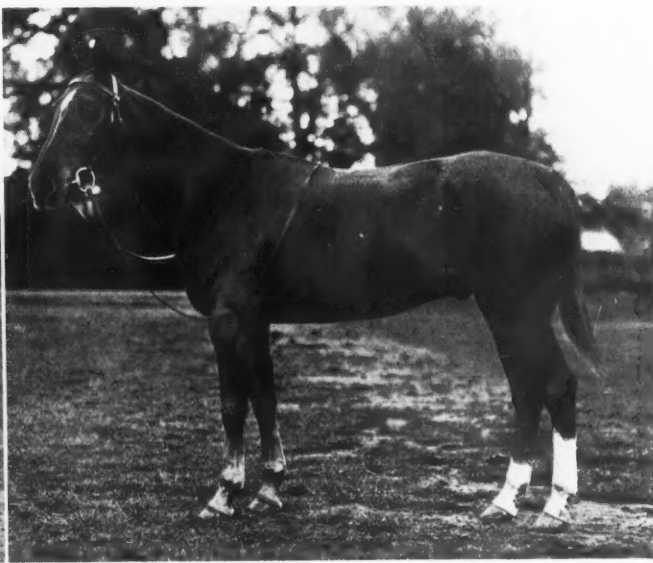
MR. J. NELSON'S PEPITO (CHESTNUT).



MR. A. M. PENA'S PAPA (BLACK).



MR. D. MILES' DURAZNO (BLACK)



MR. L. NELSON'S VIVORA (CHESTNUT).



W. A. Rouch.

MR. J. NELSON'S VIVO (CHESTNUT).



MR. D. MILES' PINTADO (BROWN).

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native ponies; but when it comes to work on the polo ground we have no fault to find, and ponies like Vivora, the winner of the first prize at the Argentine Association Show, look up to any weight and are full of intelligence. Another first prize winner is Gargantilla, which is one of the skewbald ponies which were much more common in the Argentine herds than they are to-day.

Some of us may recollect Colonel St. Quintin's Paleface the Third, a first-rate pony and one of the early importations from South America. I take it that these odd coloured ponies were the descendants of Criollo ponies, whose ancestors were raised for cattle ponies on the ranches for the use of the cowboys. There are many ponies in the list of our portraits which show a strong infusion of English blood. We know as a matter of fact that ponies like Mr. D. Miles' Durazno are probably descendants of well known sires like Shyboy Belsize and some of the other excellent black and chestnut ponies exported to England. It goes without saying that ponies like Pintar'o, Mona Blanca (which

was for three years champion of the Argentine), and Mr. Nelson's Montaray must, in their turn, unless we are entirely mistaken, be extraordinarily fast ponies. There are other ponies which catch the eye—Mr. A. M. Pena's black, which looks like winning a scurry race in good company, and Mr. J. Miles' Pura, a chestnut which looks clever enough to play a good game on its own account. Altogether the Argentine ponies cannot fail to hold their own at Hurlingham, Ranelagh and Roehampton, and we shall be disappointed if they do not carry back some trophies and leave behind them some valuable recruits to the stock of polo ponies in England.

The players themselves are bound to gain from their experience of English polo, which is, after all, the best school of polo, and if American and other players have sometimes learned to beat us with our own tactics and our own methods, we can delight in the progress of the game, which, amid all difficulties, finds its best exponents in English polo played under Hurlingham rules.

X.

## THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE

IT was a merit of the Victorian age that it produced men of science who could write in language easily understood by readers with the plainest education. Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer each wrote about science with an individual style, just as Thomas Carlyle wrote moral disquisitions in a style peculiarly his own. Professors Tyndall and Huxley were masters of English, and could expound the deepest mysteries of science in language that a babe could understand. Later on came a type of scientific man who disdained this accomplishment. He almost delighted in being unintelligible to the vulgar. He argued with formulas, diagrams and the other technique of the study and the laboratory. His excuse was that Darwin and those coming immediately after him had opened up great fields of study and dealt with them in generalities, but the scientific man of to-day has broken divided subject. Instead of being an exponent of sweeping principles, he takes a segment and becomes a specialist upon it, with the result that he is so immersed in the cultivation of one small plot that he loses sight of its proportion and relationship to the whole field of science.

Professor J. Arthur Thomson, who edits *The Outline of Science* (Newnes), is one of the very few men of science who has not fallen into this snare. He is a great writer as well as a close student and original thinker. Signs are manifest that he has learned the art of expression from long familiarity with the noblest piece of prose in the English language—the authorised version of the Bible. Further, he has the gift of inducing his contributors to eschew not only the jargon of science, but the too liberal use of those technical terms which are necessary to secure exactitude in the lecture room and the laboratory. Between writing clearly and writing down there is, needless to say, a great gulf fixed. Professor Thomson has simply acted on the principle that clear writing is the corollary of clear thinking. Abstruse and learned terms have ever been most freely used to hide lack of definition in thought.

All this has resulted in the production of a survey of modern science that is not only instructive but full of charm. It is not at all surprising that the serial issue should have attained a success greater even than that of "The Outline of History." The reason, no doubt, is that the great public has never before been so fascinated by that unveiling of wonder after wonder that began during the war. Under its stern urgency exploration was made in a thousand dark recesses in chemistry, engineering and other sciences for the production of new means of attack and defence on land, on and in the sea and in the air, to say nothing of subsidiary inventions. Readers have been quick to realise the value of such an encyclopædic work as this at a time when every science is pregnant and none can foresee what the issue will be.

To illustrate this no section could be used to more purpose than the opening one on astronomy, the oldest of all sciences. Man cannot have attained to a high intelligence before the starry heavens, "the welkin with infinite eyes," engaged his attention. Those silent, beautiful lights were a mystery to the primitive and remain a mystery to those who look at them with the knowledge piled up by generations. Yet what a great deal has been learned and how much is there to learn yet! We have but an inkling of what Lord Balfour at the recent meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society called "the Newtonian scheme of heavenly architecture." The romance and mystery of the stars, what we know already about them and what we may reasonably expect to know, could not possibly

be set out more clearly or illustrated more aptly than in the astronomy section of *The Outline of Science*.

The story of evolution begins with the paragraph:

The Evolution-idea is a master-key that opens many doors. It is a luminous interpretation of the world, throwing the light of the past upon the present. Everything is seen to be an antiquity, with a history behind it—a *natural history*, which enables us to understand in some measure how it has come to be as it is.

This is the prelude of an exposition as intelligible as could be desired. It is full of knowledge; it is skilfully arranged, and leads even the reader familiar with the subject on from page to page with a fascination that never fails. Two of the chapters that are likely to be most keenly appreciated are those called "Evolution going on to-day" and "The Dawn of Mind in Animals."

The brilliant essay on Atoms contains "The Discovery of the Electron and how it effected a Revolution in Ideas." We commend this to the notice of our readers as a subject on which the best minds of the day are working:

Every man asks at once: "Will science ever tap this energy?" If it does, no more smoke, no mining, no transit, no bulky fuel. The energy of an atom passes from one state to another. The stored up energy is fortunately fast bound by the electrons being held together as has been described. If it were not so "the earth would explode and become a gaseous nebula"! It is believed that some day we shall be able to release, harness, and use atomic energy. "I am of opinion," says Sir William Bragg, "that atom energy will supply our future need. A thousand years may pass before we can harness the atom, or to-morrow might see us with the reins in our hands. That is the peculiarity of Physics—research and 'accidental' discovery go hand in hand." Half a brick contains as much energy as a small coal field.

"The Electron and the New View of Matter" is dealt with by one who knows well how to express many difficult and abstruse thoughts in a way to command and hold attention.

One can but name the other subjects dealt with in this volume, such as "How Darwinism stands To-day," "Natural History of Birds, Mammals and Insects," and lastly, a chapter on "The Science of the Mind: The New Psychology; Psycho-Analysis." About this chapter alone one feels some doubt. Psycho-analysis may possibly contain germs worthy of the name of science, but it is questionable whether it has yet reached the point at which charlatanism ends and science begins.

**The Great Adventure at Washington**, by Mark Sullivan. (Doubleday, Page.)

IN reading this account, by one of America's foremost journalists, of the Washington Conference, one becomes suddenly self-convicted of having failed to realise the tremendous drama of that great gathering, even though one did not underrate its importance. And this confession points at once to what is the chief distinction of the book, as it is of American journalism generally, the combination of a strong sense of the dramatic with a vast interest in human personality and its reactions to varying circumstances. But commonly these virtues have to be paid for by a loss of dignity and restraint, and even result in something approaching the ludicrous; here they serve only to make the narrative vivid and absorbing. When we are given personal details they are of human, and not, as so often happens, of purely sartorial interest. The author's Americanism is not assertive; we imagine that even in his lightest conversation he does not talk like his fellow pressman, whose comment on the sudden announcement by Mr. Hughes of the ships he proposed we should sink was: "Great balls of fire, the man's telling the British Navy where it gets off!" That was a great moment, but greater still was the moment when the British announced their agreement to proposals which, to say the least of it, seriously affected their old position as Mistress of the Seas. How this self-sacrifice made a naval agreement possible and how France made land disarmament impossible is told by the author with great lucidity, and in his chapters on France he is able to show his sense of fairness by a careful examination of the arguments on either side.

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**The Chinese Theatre**, by A. Jacovleff and Tchou-Kia-Kien. Translated from the French by James A. Graham. (The Bodley Head, 1 guinea.)

NOTHING, in China, is spontaneous; all is according to usage, which in its turn is controlled by the very strict morality that emanates, in the last instance, from the priesthood. To this generalisation the drama is no exception. Unlike our Western theatre, the Chinese drama appears to have originated, during the T'ang dynasty and the eighth century A.D., among the cultured classes about the Emperor, though early in the Ming dynasty changes took place, giving it a wider popular appeal. To-day the theatre holds a far more important place in China than in the West, for it provides not only amusement, but instruction in morality, ethics and history, as well as being a complete expression of the vital conservatism of the race. It is amazingly restricted by conventions of every kind, down to the very colours of the dresses for the various types of characters, and there is no attempt whatever at realism. This was evident in the recent production of "The Yellow Jacket," but our stage has much to learn from the Chinese in grouping, miming and restraint generally, for an actor has there a long and exacting apprenticeship before he dares appear on a stage where any innovation would be immediately tabooed. This beautifully produced book, copiously illustrated, though it is a bare sketch of the subject, is valuable to all interested in the drama at a time when intelligent people are trying after new ideas for our own theatre, though the two forms are so utterly different that it is impossible to compare them.

**The Heir: A Love Story**, by V. Sackville-West. (Heinemann, 6s.)

I AM the last person on earth to complain against a book on the score that it is made up of short stories, but that the volume containing *The Heir* bore no outward and visible sign of its kind makes me emphasise the fact here, for it did cause a stupid, if momentary, confusion in which I tried to read the second story as the second part of the first. *The Heir* is an excellent story about a little insurance manager from Wolverhampton who inherited Blackboys, the beautiful old seat of his impoverished family, and consented with the utmost phlegm to all his lawyer's sane and sensible plans for its disposal, even to the length of an excellently described sale by auction in the long gallery. Miss Sackville-West has made Blackboys so real and so beautiful, so truly England of the Western Midlands, that I was ready to beat little Mr. Chance for not even trying to find a way of keeping it. But I forgave him handsomely at the end when his love for the place proved too strong to let him see it pass away from him under the

hammer, and he defied his solicitor, his neighbours and his commonsense and chose, rather than Wolverhampton and competence, Blackboys and poverty. "The Christmas Party" is a clever story of a woman's revenge, subtle, but not quite convincing. "Her Son," a study of a mother, heartrending in the catastrophe which the divergence of the generations brings to pass. In four at least of her stories the author has succeeded extraordinarily in creating a background which carries an absolute conviction of reality and of its own special attribute. If her figures, with the exception of old Mrs. Martin in "Her Son," hardly stand out enough against it, it is not that they are unreal or lifeless, but that somehow the colours of the background dull, by contrast, those of the figures a little. S.

**Strained Relations**, by Cyril Alington. (Macmillan, 6s.)

I AM sure Dr. Alington will agree that his is a highly immoral book. Not that the chaperones who figured in the house-party at Drayworth were inefficient, or that any of the charming people, old or young, misbehaved themselves in any other way. But one who from his earliest youth has kept a strict regard for truth cannot so far forget his upbringing as to think that such a web of simulation and dissimulation as wrapped about that house-party would ever be fashioned into so many wedding veils in the epilogue as the author would have us believe. However, this is an excellent farcical comedy, told almost entirely in dialogue between a number of most intriguing characters, true and false, and working up to an ingenious climax. Regarded as a "three-act piece," for it falls into such a division, the last "act" is somewhat weak, but we are very grateful for the prolonged chuckle with which we read the first two. C. H.

#### BOOKS WORTH READING.

*My Memories of Eighty Years*, by Chauncey Depew. (Scribner's, 16s.)

*Poems of To-day*, Second Series. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d.)

*Soliloquies in England and Later Soliloquies*, by George Santayana. (Constable, 5s.)

*Courage*, by J. M. Barrie. (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.)

#### FICTION.

*Silver Cross*, by Mary Johnston. (Butterworth, 7s. 6d.)

*The Altar Steps*, by Compton Mackenzie. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)

*It's All in the Game*, by W. T. Tilden. (Methuen, 5s.)

*Gypsy Blood*, by Konrad Bercovici. (Nash and Grayson, 7s. 6d.)

*Pan and the Twins*, by Eden Phillpotts. (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.)

## CORRESPONDENCE

### CATTLE EMBARGO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read with great interest Miss Cora Hind's letter on this subject in your issue of the 20th inst. Miss Hind writes from the point of view of Canada and, naturally, one can only regret that this matter has been made such a personal one with the Dominion, which, as part of the Empire, has so splendidly borne its share in the Empire's trials. It is, further, much to be regretted that the affair has become (and this is admitted by certain newspapers) such a political question. However, the possibility of animal suffering on long voyages or during inclement weather should also be considered, and no doubt the mortality and sufferings occasioned during pre-embargo days had something to do with the institution of the embargo. Much has been said as though those, who are against the removal of the embargo, are aiming specifically at Canadian cattle, but, if the embargo were removed, it is to be presumed that cattle would be imported from many countries, as in pre-embargo days. Unfortunately, at that time, an enormous amount of suffering was caused, not only through unsuitable ships and ships' fittings, but also on account of storms on the seas. Indeed, the wastage from certain countries was sometimes as high as 20 to 30 per cent. These figures, of course, only refer to mortality and do not take into consideration the sufferings of those animals, which, one might almost say, were unfortunate enough to remain alive.—G. G. FAIRHOLME.

### SUCCESSFUL PASTURE WORK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of May 13th you had an interesting article on the above, but the test of a new-sown permanent pasture is not its yield the first year or two, but its condition at the end of the fifth to seventh years. One would naturally expect and get very good yields after three years of potatoes with their heavy manuring and subsequent working of the land. It would be of interest to others who have had land ploughed out under D.O.R.A. if your correspondent could give some idea as to the cost of seed used per acre. The yield of 1½ tons per acre is not, of course, in any way abnormal, but perhaps the crop was twisted or badly laid due to the heavy manuring of previous crops, and this prevented the machine cutting it cleanly and the terribly expensive method of hand cutting being

resorted to. Could your correspondent give an approximate idea as to the cost of breaking up bad pasture, draining same, getting same into a good healthy condition and sowing away with good permanent seed per acre?—OWNER.

[Mr. Beckett replies to this letter as follows:

"Owner" has raised several very interesting questions, which, though not being able to deal with each as completely as one could wish, owing to circumstances not now controllable, I will answer as well as possible. Costs of one district will prove no reliable criterion for likely costs in another, for such must differ, sometimes greatly, throughout the length and breadth of the country, as will be readily understood when it is considered how greatly prices for labour and materials vary, and how much local conditions of soils, texture of ground, the required amount and depth of drainage would also affect the costs. I would suggest to your correspondent that the best way would be for him to prepare an estimate as to the expenditure necessary for his own ground, governed by the conditions of wages and supplies prevailing in his own district in order to ascertain how he would be affected in order to 'break up bad pasture, draining same, getting same into a good healthy condition, and sowing away with good permanent seed per acre.' One figure that may prove of service to him is the cost of seed, which in our case amounted for the 30 acres to 86s. 8d. per acre. I am afraid your correspondent rather overlooks one fact. A yield of a ton and a half of hay per acre may not be an 'abnormal yield,' but I think all interested in the subject will agree that it was a pretty heavy return in September from seed only sown in May, or within the short period of four months from sowing, and certainly a far better return than could ever be expected from the poor, tussock-infested pasture. Nor was this from heavily manured ground, as is suggested by your correspondent, for, though potatoes were grown for three years, the manuring done was very little, and I cannot quite see where such a suggestion emanates from, certainly not from my original article. Hand cutting was necessary primarily owing to the length and twist of the crop, but was not such a 'terribly expensive method,' in my opinion, as he may think, though, of course, more costly than machine cutting; but it was in any case of far greater benefit for future crops, and it may interest your correspondent to know that last season, the

second from sowing, the yield was estimated at not less than 2½ tons from the acre, which is getting near to the 'abnormal.' Dealing with the question of the likely results after a period of years, say, 'at the end of the fifth to seventh years,' I would reassure your correspondent by reference to an example on this estate. Over thirty years ago an area of glebe land, totalling 60 acres, was dealt with on somewhat similar lines, while 5 acres of this land was left for some reason or other untreated. Now, after all the lapse of time and for years past, the properly prepared land has been one of the finest hay producing areas for miles round, and presents annually a wonderful contrast to the adjoining and neglected small area, and if your correspondent is within easy reach and would care to see this vivid example of the result of proper preparation as compared with lack thereof, I should be very pleased to exhibit them to him, and at the same time show him the new Aldenham area with its promise for the current season. As a final word I would emphasise that I do not suggest good pasture land being so treated, but, as previously noted, I do advocate strenuous measures with that of poor starved character, and as I can never conceive how bad or inferior farming can pay, I must urge that to a large extent the proper after-care of prepared pasture will, of course, have its bearing on future results even though not being the whole reason of success, for two of the greatest factors towards securing success must always be, in my opinion, a good method of preparing the ground and the obtaining from a really reliable firm of proper seed suitable for the particular district and soil thereof."—ED.]

### THE JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to your article on London Streets and Their Buildings, of May 27th, the Junior United Service Club was built by Nelson, not Smirke, on the site of the United Service Club, by Nash, when this club moved to its present building. A storey was added to the Junior United Service Club by Sir Aston Webb about 1914, and the old cornice and frieze were retained and moved upwards. The Continental Hotel was where the British Columbia House now is, opposite the Junior United Service Club.—J. EDWARD ELIN.



LOOKING SUSPICIOUSLY AT THE CAMERA.

## FOX CUBS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you two photographs of fox cubs which I hope you will like. The vixen had, unfortunately, been caught in a rabbit trap, and in crossing a stream by way of a bridge made by two fallen trees it became a prisoner again. The trap became fixed between the two trees, and the vixen, in its efforts to free itself, slipped and hung from the trees with its head in the water. Up to the present the cubs have been fed regularly by friends of mine on rabbits and milk. Though fairly tame in the presence of their benefactors, they are very shy of any stranger. By using a hiding place made of boughs I obtained the photographs. One cub seemed to be the master. By snapping and growling at the rest of the family he would keep them all in the earth while he enjoyed a hearty meal. They played about together at other times quite happily. One photograph shows a cub sitting astride his brother, and both are so busy eating that they take no notice of each other. —JOHN H. VICKERS.

## A REMARKABLE FRUITING FICUS OF AFRICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The usual method of fruiting among the figs is that seen in the edible fig (*Ficus carica*), and most of your readers will be familiar with it. Briefly, the fruits are produced on young growth. This method is usual also among the wild figs of Africa. The photograph, which is of great interest botanically, shows a wide divergence from this rule. Here the fruits are produced on the trunk of the tree. They hang in bunches like grapes, which they resemble in size. The fruits fall when ripe, but the stalk persists, and extends next season, when it bears another crop. The tree figured is a large one,



CLUSTERS OF FIGS ON A TREE TRUNK.



BREAKFASTING ON HIS BROTHER'S BACK.

well over 60ft. in height. It was standing in high forest, and when the clearing was made I was successful in saving it from the axe of the fellers.—E. BROWN.

## LONDON TOPOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Max Judge very kindly calls my attention in your columns to Park Lane. The late Sir Laurence Gomme, Clerk to the London County Council, the founder and ex-President of the Folk Lore Society and editor of the *Antiquary* and of the *Archaeological Review*, considered Park Lane one of the most remarkable thoroughfares in London, having arisen on no building line and the various frontages presenting the relics of the old tenures, or "long acres," which marked many holdings of England in the Middle Ages. I regret that, in ascertaining this from Sir Laurence Gomme, I did not ask him as to the bibliography of Park Lane.—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

## ABANDONED ROOKERIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can you suggest any explanation of the following? We have several small rookeries scattered about the little country town of Long Sutton in Lincolnshire, and about April 13th the rooks were, as usual, busy with their nests, in many of which were eggs. On Easter Monday the birds began to disappear, and by the Thursday in that week there were apparently no rooks left in the place at all. Towards the end of April a few returned in the middle of the day, and this has happened each day since; they do not go near the nests, but fly about the fields, quite silently, and disappear before evening.—E. M. M.

[The nests may have been harried at night.—ED.]

## FRUIT AND FERTILISERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is as easy to over-estimate as to under-estimate the value of fertilisers in fruit growing. Their importance is, of course, admitted; the point to which attention may profitably be directed is that in themselves they are only one of many factors to be considered in the raising of good crops. As a matter of fact the lack of fertilisers is not nearly so serious as a lack of working the soil and a striking instance of this is that in the Canadian fruit belt there are many orchards and vineyards which have not been systematically manured for many years but which are, nevertheless, producing some of the finest fruit shipped. There are fruit growers who get in wagon-loads of manure yearly, yet the results obtained are by no means what they should be. In such cases it will be found that the fertiliser is spread on the land and, later, ploughed in. That is by no means sufficient. Ground treated in that way must be worked as frequently as possible and not allowed to stand, and in the absence of such working it may be taken that more harm is done by so-called manuring than if the ground were allowed to stand untouched. To secure the best results the soil must be thoroughly worked round the trees at every opportunity, either by spade or a short wheel-based tractor. There can easily be too much fertilising, but there cannot be too much cultivation, as some growers have found through bitter experience. Records show, for instance, that whole areas of raspberries have been burned out by not following up a fairly heavy manure dressing

with continual and efficient cultivation. The action of the sun and air on the soil round such permanent crops is a great deal more beneficial than any amount of fertilising can possibly be.—G. B. BARHAM.

## HEDGEHOGS AND WOODPIGEONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was interested to read in your paper of the carnivorous nature of the hedgehog, as, until last year, I was under the impression that they lived on slugs and insects. One day, however, I noticed a dead woodpigeon in a field near the house, and as it was moving in a peculiar way I went to find out the reason, when two hedgehogs ran from underneath it and they had evidently been eating it.—CHARLES HAIGH.

## DON'T SHOOT!

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows another example of the fate which invariably overtakes a rare bird. This beautiful little quail was



A CALIFORNIAN QUAIL SHOT NEAR BRIDGNORTH.

shot at Wooton, near Bridgnorth, and was subsequently identified at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, as a Californian quail (*Lophortyx californica*). It was a female, in perfect condition and showing no sign whatever of having been in captivity. However, it is difficult to account for its presence in Shropshire, except on the supposition that it was an escape, for the distance from its native country would make the journey an impossible one. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to throw some light on the matter of where it came from.—FRANCES PITT.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

# ANCIENT FEUDS RECALLED

**C**OLONEL CAMERON OF LOCHIEL, C.M.G., A.D.C., has decided upon the portions of his Inverness-shire estate to be offered by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. They comprise the sportings of Achdaluie, Glendessary, Glenkingie and Achnacarry. The property is of historic interest, and has been in the possession of the Campbells of Lochiel for centuries. It comprises some of the finest lake and mountain scenery in Scotland, and part of the old Caledonian natural pine forest. Some 180 to 200 stags are obtained in a good season, besides grouse and well ground shooting, and salmon and trout fishing.

The Warren Golf Links, Streatley, are to be offered by auction at Hanover Square, by direction of the executors of the late Mr. Frederick Shoolbred, whose house, 'Thames Bank, Goring, is to be sold in July.

Chestnut Lodge, Horsham, and 3 acres of gardens, will be sold by auction shortly; and also outlying portions of Ottershaw Park, Surrey, on behalf of Miss Dora C. Schintz.

### IMPENDING SALES.

**N**EXT Thursday, at Oxford, the remaining portion of the Kirtlington estate, nine miles from the University and six from Bicester, with the advantage also of a station a few minutes' walk from the property at Bletchington, is to come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Mr. William Young. The area to be dealt with is just over 2,000 acres, including almost all the village of Kirtlington. The mansion and grounds have already been disposed of.

In the Badminton country is Brinkworth House, which is now for sale with about 15 acres at an upset price of only £3,000. Messrs. Hampton and Sons are to submit the property at St. James's Square on June 27th. There is hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's and the V.W.H., and trout fishing and golfing are good in the vicinity. On the same occasion, jointly with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, Messrs. Hampton and Sons will sell a Sunningdale residence adjoining the golf course and called The Whins, with grounds of 3 acres; and the latter firm also has to sell Langham, a freehold of about the same area at Ewell; and Mayfield, a modern house with oak panelling and parquet flooring at Shortlands, also of nearly 3 acres, and with possession on completion of the purchase.

Among the many fine residences in Eastbourne, now in the hands of Messrs. Oakden and Co., is one which they are offering, in conjunction with Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, on June 20th, at the London Mart. It is the freehold designated The Manor House, an eighteenth century residence seated in some 8½ acres. The house has many interesting features of its period, and most beautiful gardens, including a complete example of a William and Mary garden.

That very picturesque old house on two floors with a small central tower, Gratwicke, Billingshurst, between Horsham and Pulborough, is to be brought to auction at the Mart on June 21st, with about 63 acres, by Messrs. Trollope, who are offering a neighbouring freehold, Tedfold, 344 acres, on the same date, in five lots. Tedfold has been recently modernised.

Two of the many important properties in Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.'s list are to come under the hammer next Wednesday (June 14th) at the London Mart, namely, Broadford, Chobham, a Georgian house and 42 acres; and Kempston Hoo, near Bedford, 44 acres, jointly with Mr. G. C. Walker. The latter estate will be put in at an upset price of £6,500.

Highfields, Marlow, a modern house in the Elizabethan style, awaits offers at Hanover Square, next Thursday, June 15th, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Hampton and Sons. This property of 24 acres is well situated for boating and fishing, hunting and golf.

Two excellent small properties in Sussex are to be offered by Messrs. Norfolk and Prior next Tuesday (June 13th), one being an original moated manor house at East Grinstead, known as Old Surrey Hall, and 200 acres, and the other an ancient black-and-white house at West Chiltington called Gaywood, with 135 acres. Old Surrey Hall has a massive

half-timbered framing, herringbone brickwork, carved oak and stonework, an open timber roof, panelling and moulded timber cornices.

For Lieut.-Colonel H. Heywood-Lonsdale, D.S.O., the contents of Cloverley Hall, Salop, are to be sold by Messrs. Constable and Maude on June 19th and four following days. The house is to be let unfurnished.

### BROCAS OF BEAUREPAIRE.

**T**HE Manor House and Pound Cottage are two of the picturesque old residences on the 1,570 acres of Beaurepaire, Bramley, for submission at Basingstoke, on June 28th, by Messrs. Wilson and Co., who have already disposed of the mansion, as stated recently in COUNTRY LIFE. This estate has a name familiar to all who have read 'The Family of Brocas of Beaurepaire and Roche Court,' in which Mr. Montagu Burrows, F.S.A., the Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, assembled and explained a collection of original Brocas documents. The name is immortalised in Eton memories by 'The Brocas,' 'Brocas Clump,' 'Brocas Meadow' and 'Brocas Lane,' on the Eton bank of the Thames just above Windsor Bridge. On the opposite side lay the manor, styled, at least until the beginning of the sixteenth century, 'Brocas in Clewer,' or 'Clewer-Brocas,' and where the position of the Brocas Chantry, founded by that notable knight, Sir Bernard Brocas, may still be traced in Clewer Church.

For nearly three centuries the hereditary Mastership of the Buckhounds was held by the family of Brocas from the middle of the fourteenth century onwards. The ruined castle of Sault and a church and hamlets in South-Western France still bear the name of Brocas, deep in the woods and sand dunes of Gascony. The Brocas family of Gascon knights was transplanted into England by Edward II, and they held lands in 'Clyware, New Windesore, Old Windesore, Eton, Dauneye, Boveneye, Cokeham and Bray' in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They deserved well of their sovereigns, for they fought for England at Crecy, at the siege of Calais, at Poitiers and elsewhere. In the year 1353 a Brocas bought Beaurepaire from John Pecche, whose ancestors had held it for generations. The King granted a licence to him to emark the property.

Beaurepaire was one of the last houses in Hampshire to hold out on behalf of Charles' hopeless cause. Surprised and surrounded by a Roundhead force from Abingdon, the Brocas troops, after throwing into the moat the last piece of plate that had not been melted down for the King, cut their way through to Basing House to reinforce their neighbour, the gallant old Marquis of Winchester, in his final struggle. There for a few more desperate months the descendants of the faithful Masters of the Buckhounds fought on under that Paulet motto which might well have been theirs also, 'Aimez loyauté.'

### A QUAKER'S RETREAT.

**G**EORGE FOX, the famous Quaker, whose piety exposed him to frequent imprisonment and more than once to the risk of death, was arrested on one occasion, in 1673, at Armscote Manor, near Stratford-on-Avon. The genuine old Tudor residence is for sale, by order of Captain H. R. Yorke, by Messrs. Collins and Collins, with 17 acres. That the much-persecuted victim of intolerance should have been taken while at Armscote Manor lends support to the view that his earnestness succeeded in commending his doctrine to many persons of superior social standing. The law at first penalised, afterwards tolerated, and finally supported the Friends. The manor house of stone dates from about the year 1580, and it has been restored and is in perfect order. Failing a private offer, the property is likely to come under the hammer in the autumn.

A similar arrangement will be made with regard to The Mill House, Radwell, near Baldock, also for sale, with 50 acres, by Messrs. Collins and Collins. The latter estate has a mile of trout fishing, and is of special interest to those interested, as more ought to be, in the science of pisciculture. The name of the property indicates its origin, for it was originally an old mill.

### WHALLEY ABBEY REPURCHASED.

**L**ORD O'HAGAN of Pyrgo Park, Essex, will, on June 23rd, at Sotheby's, dispose of a collection of fifteenth century vestments from Whalley Abbey. These, according to a Towneley family tradition, were taken to Towneley Hall for safe custody when Whalley Abbey was dissolved, the family having been for generations closely associated with that religious house.

It is now possible to say definitely that recent negotiations have resulted in the restoration of the remains of Whalley Abbey to the Roman Catholic community. Little else of the conventual church exists than the grass-grown foundations. The abbot and monks played a part in the 'Pilgrimage of Grace' and its grim sequel. The foundation stone was laid by Henry de Lacy in 1308, and the building of the Abbey dragged on for 128 years. Indeed, the place was longer in building than in use, the Reformation terminating its career after, roundly, a century.

Whalley was at least one of the places aimed at by the insurrection headed by Robert Aske, a Yorkshireman, at which period the Earl of Derby, who was on the side of the Crown, took possession of the Abbey and exercised 'peaceful persuasion' on the surrounding district. Though roofless, the kitchen still contains the two huge fireplaces where the food of the establishment was cooked, and there are stone pickling-troughs outside the dormitory remains. The last Abbot of Whalley, John Paslew, is buried in the parish church, which is noteworthy for a magnificently carved black oak pew, called 'The Cage,' which was the subject of a long feud between two seventeenth century landowners in the parish. Even when it had been divided into two parts the rivals refused to sit near each other, and the pew eventually came into use for the wardens, each squire having an independent gallery and staircase into the place of worship.

### BAYNARDS PARK.

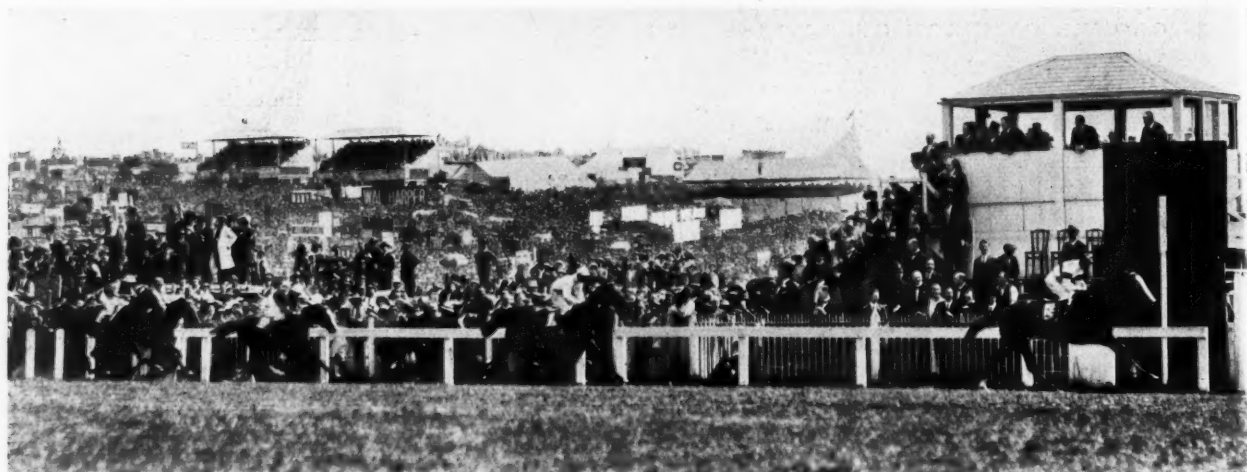
**I**N the beautifully wooded country between Guildford and Horsham is Baynards Park, 1,500 acres, one of the best game preserves in the county. History associates Baynards with famous names, the record dating back to Saxon times. Baynards was so called from William Baynards, who also erected Baynards Castle, near Blackfriars Bridge. He came over with William the Conqueror. Before this it formed part of the large and extensive Royal demesne, called 'Essire' or 'Gomselle,' which, prior to the Conquest, belonged to King Harold. It temporarily ceased to be Royal property during the reign of Stephen, who gave it to his son, William de Blois, Earl of Moreton. The son married Isabel de Warrenne, daughter of the Earl of Surrey. In 1204 the Manor of 'Gumselle' was given by King John to William de Braose, who paid the King a fine of £1,000. His grandson, John de Braose, married Margery, daughter of Llewellyn. From 1258 it was held by John Fitz Geoffrey, Richard Earl of Ulster, and others, until 1443, when it was held by William Sydney (ancestor of Philip Sydney). In the time of Henry VII Sir Reginald Bray held the property, and he gave it to his nephew, Edmund Bray, afterwards Lord Bray, with whose family it remained until 1577, when it was sold to Sir George More, of Loseley. In 1620 it was held by Richard Evelyn, of Woodcote, then by George Earl of Onslow, and after several intermediate ownerships it, in the year 1833, became the property of the Thurlow family, and it has since seen other changes of ownership, and may soon see another, through Messrs. Mabbett and Edge.

### MACKERYE END, HERTS.

**"MACKERYE END; or Mackarel End,** as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farmhouse—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead . . . in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire," is for sale, with 15 or 800 acres, by Messrs. Osborn and Mercer. Mackerye End is that spelling of the name which seems to rest upon the best authority, but it is immaterial; the name that all can spell correctly, and which is indissolubly bound up with it, is that of Charles Lamb, whose principal reference to it, in 'The Essay of Elia,' opens this paragraph. **ARBITER.**

# THE DERBY OF 1922

WORTHY WINNER OF THE GREAT RACE.



W. A. Rouch.

AN EASY VICTORY: CAPTAIN CUTTLE WINS THE DERBY.

Copyright.

THE Derby of 1922 will be one of those that will have unfading memories. For different reasons we say the same thing about other Derbys, which, for certain reasons, will always be recalled—Persimmon's in 1896, because it was the first to be won by King Edward; Jeddah's and Signorinetta's in 1898 and 1908 respectively, because each horse started at 100 to 1 against; and, of course, Aboyeur's in 1913, because that unknown horse was given the race on the disqualification, by the stewards, of Craganour, which had come in first. So, in connection with this latest celebration, there are reasons for committing it to memory for all time. One is that it was associated with far the mightiest gathering I have ever seen on Epsom Downs. Then the heat was truly awful. Unquestionably it was of tropical ferocity, and the effect was to bleach and blister the course and leave the multitude gasping and exhausted. Such was Derby Day this year.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, with members of their family, were present, and although I have little knowledge of these matters, I have no doubt that the dress display in the paddock while the Derby horses were parading was worthy of Ascot. The large numbers who troubled to take the walk to the paddock through the lane of importunate and wheedling gipsies, the purveyors of hokey-pokey, and of pails of sad-looking jellied eels and whelks, would be able to inspect and contrast no fewer than thirty runners for the race, the most there have been in any year since Durbar II was brought from France to win in 1914. There was, to be sure, most curiosity to look over the stable companions from the Clarendon establishment at Newmarket—St. Louis, the very easy winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, and Re-echo, the questionable merit of which in relation to the other one had been engaging the attention of many for long before the race.

St. Louis was generally liked, and for myself I found him improved in appearance since I had last seen him in public. Reports had led one to expect that he would appear light and tucked up under the strain of his preparation, but I found him looking robust and muscular, even though his somewhat weak-looking middle must always detract from his appearance. Re-echo is cast in a somewhat slighter mould, but he must have pleased his admirers by his well trained appearance. I am afraid that he rather disgraced himself in the race. After showing temper at the post he would not jump away with the others, but tarried and so obliterated himself from that point. A horse cannot tarry at the start of the Derby and then finish with the leaders. Some of the runners were no more than commoners, and their owners must have been thick-skinned to have put them on view for what should be only for the proved cream of our thoroughbreds. No need is there to mention names, but I do hope before another year that something will be done so as to keep away the riff-raff. It is no more than that and could not well be less.

Captain Cuttle made many new friends, chiefly among those who had never seen him before. Having seen him twice before this season, first when he cantered in for the Wood Ditton Stakes and then when he was third for the Two Thousand Guineas, I can vouch for it that he looked finer drawn and more muscular. That showed me that he had done well on the stiff preparation such a big horse was bound to be subjected to. He is a magnificent individual, having splendid size and yet perfect poise and balance. His shoulders are wonderful, giving that depth of girth which enables him to stay, and then his quarters are really mountains of strength. His whole demeanour is one of good sense and docility, and I have it from his trainer that he has never had to do with a horse of kinder and better disposition. Just before Donoghue was going to get on his back it

was noticed that one of his plates had spread. There was a chance that it would be torn off in the race and thereby cause trouble. Thus there was delay in the colt joining the parade while the farrier could put the matter right, and when he did emerge from the paddock the canter was nearly over.

I did not think he went too well in that preliminary canter and gave me the idea that he was not liking the hard ground. I was interested, therefore, to hear afterwards that the jockey on his back got the same impression. Tamar moved well and this horse, though light and somewhat delicate looking, had, nevertheless, done well since last I saw him out. He has thickened behind the saddle, and one could well understand the revival of hope where he was concerned. Diligence which ran for Lord Lonsdale is a big chestnut fellow from the same sire as Captain Cuttle, but has not the latter's quality and character. I have no doubt he will make a horse some day, but he is still backward. It must not be forgotten that Hurry On did not mature till he was a three year old, when he was never beaten. Captain Cuttle was immensely backward as a two year old; indeed, he only ran once, when he put up a fine show with Collaborator.

Of Pondoland it can be said that in the paddock before the race he showed no trace of the blow he had given himself in the region of the hock. It had clearly subsided, but there was evidence of heel trouble, and if I am right, then it is probable that this colt's blood may have been disordered; of course, this is only a surmise, but it assists me to understand his easy defeat. After all, a horse to win the Derby must be absolutely above suspicion as regards health, fitness and soundness, and Pondoland was not so. This was much to be regretted, as I have no doubt he would have put up a big show up to the time he went amiss. But that he would have beaten Captain Cuttle is a view I will never subscribe to. A horse that attracted me in the paddock was North End, and I quite expect him to prove—say, at Ascot—that there was sound reason for the fact that he was fancied to run into a place and perhaps win. He is a lengthy and active-looking chestnut colt by Sunstar.

The story of the actual race has been told at such length and in so many places that I do not propose to dwell on it here. It may be sufficient to say that Captain Cuttle, according to what we saw and what his jockey confirmed, was first out of the gate, and until he resumed the actual lead when in the straight for home the running was made by one of the despised outsiders, Jacquot. But that was only by the indulgence of the jockey on Captain Cuttle. Meanwhile, Re-echo had been left some lengths; Pondoland was fairly away without, however, showing any dash; and the supporters of the favourite were satisfied with the way St. Louis had raced into the fray. There is little more to tell. When once the leaders had made the curving descent of Tattenham Corner it was all over. It is not usually so in a race for the Derby. You see a thrilling struggle begin there, but it was not so this time. Captain Cuttle came swinging along with relentless strides, to win as easily as any horse has won the race within the memory of the present generation.

In the race for the Two Thousand Guineas Captain Cuttle had finished seven lengths behind St. Louis, and now the tables were turned so that Captain Cuttle finished more than seven lengths in front of his previous conqueror. It is evident now that between the two classic races Captain Cuttle has come on out of all knowledge. His trainer, Fred Darling, had suspected the fact, but these things can never be definitely proved except by application of the acid test which is the race itself. One can understand easily enough why he should have improved so. He is a big fellow in every sense, and once let such a horse be started on the up grade and his rapid rise cannot be estimated. Look, too,



how Tamar appears to have come on since the Two Thousand Guineas. He has not gained on Captain Cuttle, but he has done so to a very marked extent on St. Louis. Time has done much for both, inasmuch as they look different in a physical sense; but it must also be taken into the reckoning that the extra half mile has made a difference. Captain Cuttle and Tamar may be better natural stayers than St. Louis, and it may be that the last named could not give of his best on the very hard ground, but after all I think it is at all times safer to lean to the view that the really good horse will do well on any course within reason and on any going, whether it be hard or soft.

We may rightly and justifiably conclude that Captain Cuttle is in every possible sense a worthy winner of the Derby. For one thing he looked the part he so easily appropriated, and it is good for the breed of the thoroughbred that this should be so. His owner has the additional pleasure and satisfaction of knowing that he bred the horse. He is sired by Hurry On, which gave him so much to interest himself in about the period when racing was almost restricted entirely to Newmarket. Hurry On was never beaten, and his first stock has included this high class winner of the Derby. The mare Bellavista I remember winning a race as a two year old at Ascot when she belonged to her breeder, Mr. James Russel. She was from a good brood mare named Emotion, and there is no doubt that Captain Cuttle's breeding is right in every particular.

Lord Astor's luck in the Derby remains unchanged. He can beat all but the winners, and they defeat him. Thus has been the fate of Buchan, Craig an Eran and Tamar in the last four years. It is an extraordinary record, especially bearing in mind that when they ran the substitute Derbys at Newmarket Lord Astor supplied a second on one occasion there in Blink. Craigangower, the third in the Derby, is a good-looking and particularly neat colt by Polymelus from Fortuna, the dam of last year's Jockey Club Cup winner, Nippon, and other winners. He cost Mr. Barclay Walker a lot of money as a yearling, but he has proved well worth the outlay, for he will win more races. Simon Pure ran well, and it must have been a very near thing between him and St. Louis for fourth place; but the judge gave those barren honours to the favourite, which, therefore, was not disgraced in any sense, though his defeat was certainly a disappointment.

Before touching on the race for the Oaks I would like to mention that for the Woodcote Stakes on the opening day of the meeting. It is, of course, the principal race of the meeting for two year olds and has been won by some very smart ones in years gone by. The winner on this occasion was Duncan Gray, a grey colt by Pommern from Sybil Grey, bred by his owner, Sir John Robinson of Worksop Manor, who usually breeds for

sale. This particular colt did not make his reserve of 2,500 guineas, and the breeder, therefore, put him into training at Newmarket with Basil Jarvis. He won first time out at Newmarket, and he has won again now, beating the smaller though smart Tetrarch colt Scyphius. The bigger colt Wasp, known when he won recently as the Wild Hag colt, ran very badly. Duncan Gray is well grown, and though rather long in the back he does not show the slightest slackness over the loins. He has a resolute way of galloping, and he won this race through being the better stayer over six furlongs. It is the first six-furlong race of the season for two year olds.

Pogrom was a good filly as a two year old, and though Soubriquet never ran at that age, we were reminded by the former's very convincing win for the Oaks that the best two year old is, after all, very often the best three year old. In this case the honours went to one that was really high class last season. The way she was backed in the last half hour before the race last Friday was positively astonishing. I think it was due to more than one reason. In the first place it was known that Silver Urn had been stopped in her preparation for a short time through slightly bruising a foot. Then it was known that Pogrom had done all her work with Tamar, and naturally after the latter had run second for the Derby the excellent form was bound to react in favour of the filly. I was even told that she is better than the colt, and though some people affect to disbelieve it, I accept the statement as being very likely correct. It was told to me by one who would know.

In a field of eleven, Gardner, for whom this was a lucky chance mount, was content to lay about third until the straight had been reached. Then he sent her to the front, and after she had disposed of Mysia she had the race in safe keeping. From that point she began to ease up, and it was then that Soubriquet appeared late on the scene, and with Donoghue in the saddle put up a vigorous challenge; but as soon as she was roused again Pogrom went on with her job to win as the best in the field should do. In a sense it was fitting that Lord Astor should so soon be compensated for the defeat of Tamar, coming as it did on the top of those other big disappointments in recent Derbys.

The only other races at the meeting I need mention were the Coronation Cup and the Acorn Stakes. Owing to having met with an accident, Orpheus could not run for the Cup, which went to Franklin, which experienced most trouble from the three year old filly, Selene. A tremendous finish for the Acorn Stakes, the event for two year old fillies, was won by the 20 to 1 chance, Clare Queen, owned by Mr. E. Moore.

PHILIPPOS.

## LAWN TENNIS: VARIETY

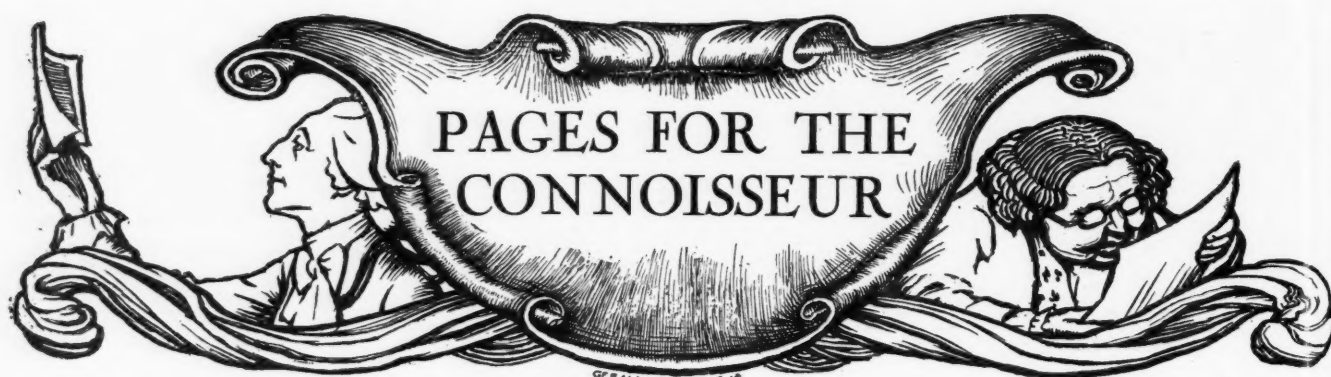
"VARIETY"—that is the answer most frequently given to the young player who asks what he must do to be saved from extinction in the first round of the second-class handicap. Whereupon he may be seen delivering his first service in four totally different ways in one game and thankful if his unpretentious second falls into court. That kind of variation implies a command of strokes which no beginners can possess, and it is not what was recommended to them. The adviser was sacrificing lucidity to emphasis. A player does not necessarily renounce variety because his staple stroke is always produced on much the same lines; indeed, the variations in a lawn tennis stroke that jump to the eye are not those which win most points. Two strokes that may appear to the looker-on identical and, perhaps, equally futile, may produce very different effects. In the championships one may see Mr. Doust hit a slow service, run in on it and quite often put away the return; the same service—or what looks to be the same—delivered by a third-class player is equally often killed by the third-class player who receives it; and might be killed by him against Mr. Doust himself if Mr. Doust had not made it a little different from the one before and moved at once to intercept the return in accordance with the slight variation. Perhaps it pitches near the middle instead of far out to the side, perhaps there is drag on it to give him time to reach the net; it is certainly of a perfect length. "In the abstract" it may be the same service as the third-class player's; services, however, are not returned in the abstract but on the court, and that service with Mr. Doust behind it produces a different effect from that of the same service delivered by the third-class player. The variation is in the player; not in the ball.

Everybody who watches lawn tennis has to recognise the value of variety. The most obvious aspect of variety is the capacity to play all the staple strokes of the game—to attack with drive or volley, backhand or forehand, fast stroke or drop, cannon ball service or American twist. Probably no player has had so many strokes at his command as the present champion, Mr. Tilden, and one result of his success is to suggest to beginners that he owes it to this form of variety. So he does, no doubt, in part, but with his temperament and quick wits it is quite possible that he would still be champion if he had never troubled to acquire a mastery of half the many strokes in his armoury and had concentrated instead on the remaining half. Mr. Tilden is, in

fact, something of a snare to beginners—to those, at least, who count success in big tournaments as the chief object to be aimed at. To those who play the game primarily for fun, he is the greatest of all models. He enjoys it himself and is a source of enjoyment to spectators; he obviously gets so much fun out of hitting two consecutive similar balls with different strokes that he is not in the least perturbed if the second costs him a point which he might have saved. But his game demands opportunities for practice which are not vouchsafed to everyone. Few Englishmen—if they had the time—would have the inclination to take a dozen balls on to a court and practise serving; that, as we learn from Mr. Tilden's book, is what we should do. Moreover, his game implies an aptitude for hitting the ball, which is innate in few. For the ordinary player to aspire to Mr. Tilden's versatility is to abandon hope of becoming master of any one stroke. For him it is a consolation to remember that it was possible in the past, and may be again in the future, to beat the best players of the day without Mr. Tilden's capacity to make winning strokes in a great number of ways.

What is necessary is to have one winning stroke and an adequate all-round defence. Mr. Gore, for instance, has been three times champion, and that with only one stroke, his forehand drive, that would be recognised as a first-class stroke in an unknown player. The other necessary strokes had to be developed just to the pitch at which they could do for him what the forehand drive could not do and no further. He showed his match-winning qualities in never asking too much of them. On the backhand he was content to keep the ball out of harm's way and usually did; he would at times run up to the net to make the kill prepared for him by his drive, but you did not catch him making a volleying match of it when he got there; he went all out for the kill—neck or nothing. Mr. S. H. Smith, who holds an unrivalled record as a singles player for Great Britain in Davis Cup matches, is an even better illustration, for he could not kill at the net as Mr. Gore could. He had a most accurate lob and he could run, but his point winning stroke was his famous forehand drive. Had Mr. Gore and Mr. Smith, then, no variety? Certainly they had. But they found it not by playing a number of different strokes, but by mastering all the potentialities of one. From any angle or to any angle both could hit into any part of the opposite court between from the service line to the base line, and hit at a great pace.

F. E. M.



## THE DOMESTIC USE OF PEWTER

By ANTONIO DE NAVARRO, F.S.A.

THERE are few menial pronouncements which radiate judicial authority. I can only recall one: "I don't know, ma'am, but it just broke in my hand." It is obvious that fracture of such a mysterious nature was not in vogue in pewter days. It was the advent of porcelain which affected pantry integrity and made of truth a brittle ware. The "gentle hand of woman" which ministered to sixteenth and seventeenth century needs has become the "mailed fist" of our own time: a standing menace to *objets d'art*, intimately associated with damaged conscience and seccotine.

The passing away of pewter had in a measure to do with the novelty of earthenware; also with the fact that the cleaning of the metal service demanded more pugilistic persuasion than its less exacting substitute. Economy—that perennial source of instability—was in the early days concerned more probably with the care than with the cost of the new ware. Many wills and inventories record the prices of both; and if the market value of the base metal exceeded that of earthenware, its longer life was gratuitously ignored—a longevity due to the fact that pewter did not break submissively in menial hands.

That the base metal was in use by people of quality long after silver plate had found its place upon their sideboards is a biographical fact. That it was used by the master while it served the same purpose in the servants' hall is equally true. And that it is to-day the only service in the offices of several great houses in England is a tribute not only to its utilitarian importance, but to the appreciative adherence of domestics to family tradition.

To attempt to enumerate those of lineage who employed pewter services would be to turn this short paper into a peerage. Suffice it to call to the mind of the reader the constantly recurring plates, dishes, chargers, etc., bearing armorial devices to convince him of how general was the use of the base metal among persons of distinction. Without documentary proof to the contrary, it would be fatuous to believe that these crested specimens were only used in the servants' hall, and that the family coat of arms on each piece was placed there either for pantry identification or as a tonic for menial appetites.

It is true that, after the adoption of earthenware, armorial pewter did find its way to the kitchen; but it still remains a fact that inventories of the seventeenth century reveal the existence in large households of various services of pewter, differing in quality and importance: "of the best sort with arms"—"of the second sort"—"of the third sort"—"of the fourth sort"; and this fact should hearten the conjecture that the first entry of "Sir Loin" in the banqueting-hall might well have been upon a crested charger of pewter.

In France the base ware was the *orfèvrerie* of the middle-classes; in England it was raised to a precious metal distinction by royalty and nobility.

Mr. Yeates' dish is a fine specimen, and recalls the larger example at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The inscription

invites speculation: "Vivat Rex Carolus Secundus Beati Pacifici, 1662." Why 1662? The Restoration occurred two years before; therefore the dish is not commemorative of that event. The inclusion of the year of manufacture in a toast or record of jubilation is untenable. Could it have been an allusion to the marriage of the King to Catharine of Braganza, which did take place in the year 1662? *Quién sabe?* An instance of princely favour in Italy was a number of pewter plates that came to my notice not long since, bearing the Medicis coat of arms on the rim.

English wills of the fourteenth century classified pewter with silver plate and gold chains. Shakespeare, Bacon, Addison and others dignified the base metal by literary comment. Pepys, that insatiable chronicler of detail, tells us how on July 20th, 1660, "I sent my wife to my father's, and he is to give me to £5 worth of pewter." Again, six months later, he reveals the unexpected use of the base metal for purposes of decoration: "At home most of the morning hanging pictures, and seeing how my pewter-sconces that I have bought will become my stayres and entry." This supplies an interesting record of the use of pewter for domestic ornamentation in England. In France, its employment for inlaying furniture during the fifteenth century foreshadowed the prolific brass achievements of Boule two hundred years later. It served also to ornament roof-timbers in the Royal houses of France, from the days of St. Louis to the reign of Francis I, generally in the shape of *fleurs-de-lys*, which were covered with gold leaf. This was in direct contravention of the French Pewterers' rigidly enforced law against gilding, and therefore an instance of Royal prerogative.

There are some charming examples of English mantelpieces in the Adam style, on which pewter is used for the applied ornament. It has been a much mooted question whether or not the polished complexion of the metal was intended to supply an added note of decoration; but the probability is that, once applied, the entire surface was painted over, as in the case of stucco or wood-carving. That the discovery of these rare pewter examples is dependent upon stripping is in itself an indication that a silvery surface was not intended. A proof of impracticability would be that the polishing of the pewter would overrun the metal ornament and reveal itself in discoloration on jamb and lintel. A silvery effect, however, is not impossible if the metal be highly burnished (perhaps lacquered) when first stripped of its paint. The wood could then be carefully cleaned and toned to any required colour, after which, delicate rubbing with a soft cloth would induce the metal to a more or less permanent brightness.

Overdoors were occasionally decorated with the pewter applique, but they are rare. Elevated beyond the reach of parlourmaid animosity, they would have survived in numbers had the fashion been one of popular vogue. Yet, for all we know, numerous specimens may still be in existence, hiding beneath incrustations of paint, that may represent one or other of the above intentions.



1.—A SET OF CHARLES II TANKARDS.

The property of Mr. A. de Navarro.



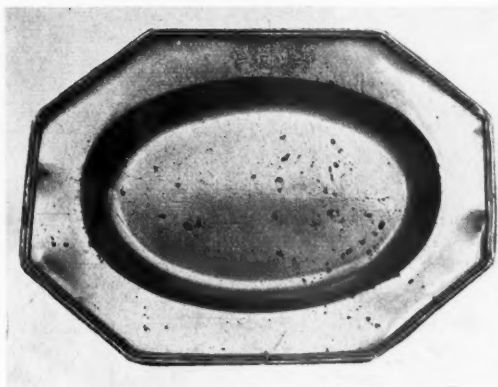
Among pewterers it was often the practice to specialise, and the same individual mark may be found on salts, spoons, plates, candlesticks, etc. An interesting instance I find in the State Papers of Elizabeth: a petition of Nicholas Jarden, "Queen's Pewterer," soliciting "the exclusive right of making all measures used in selling wine, ale and beer in retail." This had possibly to do with a supply of these vessels to the Court. Those were vinous days—days of Gargantuan capacity; and if the Court provision did not represent a lucrative monopoly, it is to be hoped that the wine-drinkers of the period followed the practices of their French colleagues and used their pewter vessels—after copious libation—as weapons of offence and defence. Another item of interest in the State Papers reveals the large quantities of the base-ware then in domestic use. An instance is to be found in the examination of the pirate, Robert Scarborough, before Sir Thomas Boynton and John Gibeon, D.C.L.: "Bought of Phipps on about Coquet Island, 3 lasts of soap, 30 or 40 pieces of . . . 200 pieces of pewter."

The use of pewter services by the corporations of England is a matter of record; and the existence of plates, dishes, etc., in great numbers, bearing corporate arms, is a proof of the contemporary esteem of a ware distinguished now only by antiquarian importance and fantastic prices.

A plate bearing the Yarmouth arms is one of a numerous family constantly reported to have formed part of the pewter service used at a dinner given by the Corporation of Great Yarmouth to Lord Nelson in the year 1800. There is, so far, no official proof of the supposition. It is known that the hero of Trafalgar stayed at the Wrestler's Inn, received the freedom of the borough there, attended the ceremony of thanksgiving for his safe home-coming at the Parish Church, and was afterwards entertained at dinner by the Mayor (Mr. Samuel Barker) at his private residence in King Street. But whether the Corporation pewter-plate, which was probably used at public dinners in the Town Hall, was so honoured on that occasion, is, despite all research, a seemingly unrecorded fact—a statement which will doubtless cause regret to the many possessors of these errant specimens—myself included.

A pewter service which belonged to David Garrick contributes an instance of a stubborn interest in what at the time was already doomed. The determined effort of the eminent actor's wife, in her will, to secure it a safe custody and prolong its importance by legal measures, is a pathetic instance of how insecure are the wishes of the dead in post-mortem hands. "I give and bequeath to the said Christopher Garrick a table service of pewter which my dear husband made use of when a Bachelor, and which it is my wish should always remain with the head of the family bearing the name of Garrick."

The dying wish of "Eva Maria Garrick of Adelphi Terrace," expressed in the codicil of the above will, dated November 28th, 1821, was respected for the best part of one hundred years. Attenuated then by age, the centenarian obligation succumbed to indifference or necessity, and the entire service of seventy-three pieces was sold by one "bearing the name" for the sum



2.—A dish with the coat of arms of David Garrick.  
The property of Mr. A. de Navarro.



3.—Sexagonal salt on feet.  
The property of Mr. E. Brandt.



4.—Soup dish salvaged from the Spanish galleon  
at the bottom of Tobermory Bay.  
The property of Mr. A. de Navarro.



5.—Charles II dish with inscription: *Vivat Rex Carolus Secundus Beati Pacifici, 1662.*  
The property of Mr. A. B. Yeates.



6.—A fine two-handled cup and cover.  
The property of Mr. A. de Navarro.



7.—English beaker. Circa 1500.  
Mr. A. B. Yeates' Collection.

of fifty pounds! Fortunately it fell into reverent hands, and for the present it is secure against maltreatment or dispersion. What will be its ultimate fate when a further safe custody will be attempted by testamentary instruction is open to conjecture. The parchment voices of expiring testators, however generous or peremptory to private legatees, lose their authority as time goes indifferently on. A corporate conscience would alone seem to supply the necessary guarantee for permanent custody.

Interesting gatherings they must have been—the little suppers after the play at Garrick's chambers in Southampton Street: the crested pewter service of bachelor days reflecting the light of sconce and chandelier; "Davy, the first man in the world for sprightly conversation," tilting with Johnson's heavy ordnance against the theatre, "Le Grand Burke"; felicitous Reynolds, Hogarth, Boswell, Sheridan, listening, feeding, protesting; Oliver Goldsmith, animated only when

engaging every ear—a *coterie* of England's choicest spirits, a sanctum closed only to perhaps one man of eminence of the time: Lord Chesterfield, whose "Letters to his Son" Johnson declared could only have turned him into a dancing-master.

As if to atone for the ultimate failure of Mrs. Garrick's instructions concerning her husband's pewter-service, a further codicil, bearing date of August 15th, 1822, not only achieved its purpose, but enlarged felicitously upon its scope. "I give to Mrs. Siddons a pair of gloves which were Shakespeare's, and were presented by one of the family to my late dear Husband

during the Jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon." These gloves (known as "The Comedy Gloves") are to-day in the Museum of the Memorial Theatre at Shakespeare's birthplace. Another pair ("The Tragedy Gloves"), likewise said to have belonged to the poet, and at one time also in the possession of David Garrick, are now the property of Mr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia.

Warwickshire—Pennsylvania!

Here indeed have we a veritable instance of "hands across the sea": a *poignée de main*, distant, but uniting two great countries in rival admiration of the Immortal Bard.

## AN INTERESTING OLD CHIMNEYPIECE

### JEWELS, PORCELAIN AND PICTURES.

**A**LTHOUGH the chimney and fireplace occur in buildings of the twelfth century, the open fireplace and louver were common until the sixteenth century. Then the chimneypiece became elaborately decorated and was the most striking feature in the apartment. Fine examples of these *in situ* still exist in England, sometimes covered by layers of plaster or paint until their finer decoration is concealed. This was the condition in which a splendid specimen, which had been removed from a mansion in one of the Eastern Counties, was found by Messrs. Gregory of Old Cavendish Street, W. After careful removal of coats of paint, its decoration of fine inlay and painting was revealed, and also the fact that it is made partly of oak and walnut. Standing on panelled plinths and moulded bases the jambs are decorated with strapwork arabesques of charming design with rectangular and oval splits, and bordered with fine inlay of line and square in walnut and probably boxwoods. Upon their moulded capitals rests the frieze of arabesque work with a shell strap, with corner and centre blocks carved with rosettes, and above it is the ovolo which repeats the shell form greatly enriched.

From the base mouldings of the overmantel rise three plinths of solid walnut carved in strapwork and rectangular Jacobean splits with a dentil band and mouldings above. Upon each of these stand two pillars of walnut with moulded capitals and bases supporting a rich cornice, the lowest member of which is decorated with a pattern of chevrons. In the overmantel are panels painted with buildings, swans and other detail in the manner of the "Nonsuch" chests. These are framed by square pillars carved with circles and lozenges, a design continued in the arches, whose thicknesses are enriched with egg-and-dart pattern and whose junction rests on a moulded pendant or bracket, the spandrels being filled with rosettes. The borders of the centre and corner posts are carved in moulded cross billets or buckles. The walnut pillars of the overmantel bear the same delicate pattern of inlay as do the fireplace jambs, giving something of the Italian spirit to them, while some of the splits are very simply inlaid with ebony and box. Of splendid colour and proportions, this fine example of the Tudor-Stuart period is of convenient size, measuring 8ft. 6ins. in height, 7ft. between the exterior edges of jambs, the opening being 5ft. 8ins. wide by 4ft. 6ins. high.

A large knot of riband and festoon brooch of brilliants, a brilliant necklace with two drops, another composed of graduated brilliant clusters and a necklace of eighty-nine graduated pearls of fine Orient with single brilliant snap are among the jewels belonging to the late Mrs. W. Lockett Agnew which are to be sold by Messrs. Christie on June 14th. From other sources come a single brilliant ring, the fine stone of bluish tint in a platinum hoop, a necklace of eighty-seven well matched and graduated pearls of the finest Orient with single brilliant snap, and a sapphire and brilliant tiara

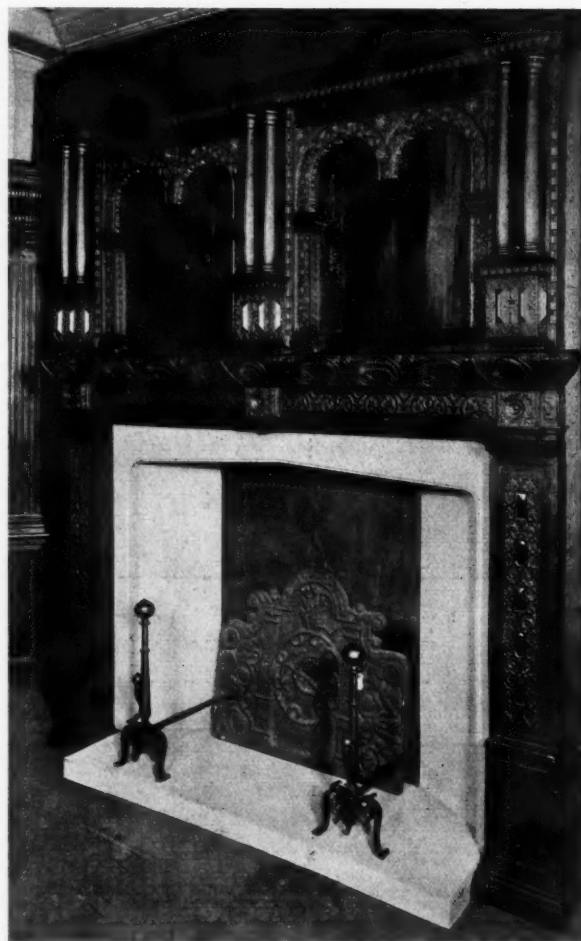
or necklace and a brooch to match. On the 16th they sell modern pictures and drawings, the property of Mr. A. H. Wild of Greystone Hall, Sheffield, including works by J. M. W. Turner, Birket Foster, P. de Wint, David Cox, J. Girtin, T. Collier, E. M. Wimperis, J. W. Waterhouse, H. Fantin Latour, R. P. Bonington and others.

Old English and Worcester porcelain, the property of Mr. Ralph E. Lambton, many of the pieces having been formerly in the Trapnell collection and a number exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, 1912, will be disposed of by Messrs. Christie on June 21st. Of Worcester porcelain with the apple green ground we instance a tea service of forty-seven pieces painted with fruit, flowers and insects in borders with gilt scroll edges, bearing the Dresden crossed swords mark in blue and the beautiful pair of oviform vases painted with exotic birds and landscapes in scroll panels, while examples of Worcester with dark blue scale pattern ground are the pair of two-handled cups, covers and saucers painted with Watteau subjects, birds and insects and with pierced white and gold scroll handles, and the great hexagonal vase and cover with garden scenes and figures painted by Donaldson. It is 17ins. high. Besides Worcester porcelain there are examples of Chelsea, Bow, Spode, Plymouth, Derby, Longton Hall and Nantgarw.

Pictures by old masters, including some very important examples, will come up for auction at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 14th. They include "The Ascension of Christ," "St. Vincent of Valencia" and two other panels, which, with three more now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, formed part of an altarpiece formerly in the Priory of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem at Valencia; two small pictures by Rubens designed for tapestries representing the History of Achilles, which may have been painted for Daniel Fourment, tapestry merchant of Antwerp and father of Rubens' second wife. They represent "The Return of Briseus to Achilles," and "Achilles in the company of the daughters of Lycomedes," part of a series of eight designs, the others belonging to Lord Barrymore. The left-handed action of some of the figures is noticeable; this was done so that by the reversing in weaving it would become right handed. Several sets of tapestries were woven from these designs, which were executed between 1630-1635. Part of one series is the property of the Belgian Government. A characteristic landscape by Van Ruysdale of a bridge crossing a stream, a road through the trees, and a sportsman and his dog, with a fine distance; a Spanish portrait of Lord Cottington, painted when he was in the diplomatic service at the Spanish Court from 1603 to 1620; Raeburn's portraits of Mrs. Chalmers, in a close white cap and blue ribbons; Charles James Fox (1749-1806) in blue coat and buff waistcoat; and, above all, the very attractive "Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive" (died 1780) seated under a tree, wearing a winged cap, a blue silk dress and a black silk cloak with a large white hat on her knee, painted by Zoffany—these are a few of the more prominent pictures. On June 15th Messrs. Sotheby sell Japanese swords and their furniture, drawings and books, netsukes and lacquer, antique Chinese bronzes of the Chou, Han and Ming dynasties, Tibetan drawings and vessels, and Eastern textiles from various sources.

At a sale of pictures at Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's on May 25th the following prices were realised: An altarpiece of the Catalonian school, the central panel showing the Virgin and the Infant Christ with an angel playing a lute and another holding a bird, the left panel, St. Catherine, the right, St. Dorothea, £756 (Spink); "The Adoration of the Magi," by Jan Mostaert, £54 12s. (Liger); "The Madonna of the Rocks," by Leonardo da Vinci, £63 (Farr); "Children Fishing," by an artist of the French school, £94 10s. (Farr); "A Fête Champêtre," by J. B. Huet, £77 14s. (W. M. Sabin); a river scene, by J. Van Goyen, £71 8s. (Farr); "Venus and Cupid," by Boucher, £60 (Mrs. Blunt); and the portrait of a lady, after Nattier, £50 (Mrs. Bentley). At their sale of silver plate and jewellery the following day a silver canteen consisting of 266 pieces in oak case brought £90 (Levin); a brilliant collet necklace of sixty-three graduated stones and three-stone snap, £131 (Leaver); and a brilliant pendant formed of a large pear-shaped stone with brilliant surmount, £117 (S. Harris).

D. VAN DE GOOTE.



A FINE CHIMNEYPIECE OF THE TUDOR-STUART PERIOD.  
Height 4ft. 6ins.